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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED BLIZZARD NEWSPAPER

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THE GREAT STORM OF MARCH 12TH-13TH.—SCENE IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY, SHOWING THE TERRIBLE FORCE OF THE BLIZZARD.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE C3.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1888.

THE GREAT SNOWSTORM.

SUNDAY, March 11th, began with a gray sky and the proverbial March dust. Late in the afternoon came a light rain, which grew heavier and heavier with the rising wind till midnight, when most New Yorkers were in bed. They woke in the morning to find the city almost buried in snow, which continued to fall, thick and blinding, and driven by a fierce gale, for the next eighteen hours. The streets were choked, sidewalks and roadways were obliterated, doors and windows were blocked, and all the infinite life and movement of the great city were arrested as by a magic spell. It might have seemed, but for the roar of the wind, like a dream of sudden death.

There was no footfall, no sound of busy wheels or bells, no voice nor cry in the long white drifts, where the streets had been. Only here and there, and at long intervals, could be seen the figure of some wayfarer, struggling helplessly against the tempest and half buried in the snow.

In those few hours this Empire City, as we proudly call it, the second commercial city of the world, with its unbounded command of all the resources that wealth and intelligence and energy and organization can give, and all its admirable facilities for travel and communication, was left like a forgotten ruin in the heart of Asia. Not one of the countless trains that thunder in and out daily from all points of the compass could enter or leave the city; the telephones and telegraphs were silent; and so far as the outer world was concerned, New Yorkers inhabited for nearly three days a remote and inaccessible island. Nor was this the whole. Throughout the community every daily detail of life, in household economy or in business or in pleasure, was broken short. Each house was a smaller island in the island city. At the banks and the exchanges nothing was done; the Post-office ceased its work; the factories suspended operations; the street railroads were blocked; the shops were empty; fuel and the necessities of life were for hundreds of thousands not to be had, though almost within reach.

It is something to be remembered and to meditate upon that these experiences fell, not on a mediæval city, inclosed with walls and surrounded with hostile cities, each in its turn hemmed in, but upon the centre of financial and commercial power in a nation that claims the first place for the practical application of civilized arts to the needs of life. If anything can be done in America, it can be done in New York; and New York has learned in less than a day, or ought to have learned, how poor and weak is man when brought face to face with the forces of Nature. A great city, like an army, is an epitome of human power; and the helplessness of New York in the great snowstorm furnishes a vivid illustration of the famous retreat from Moscow, and the Russian and English disasters in Khiva and Afghanistan nearly fifty years ago. Those who fought their way for six or seven blocks through the familiar streets, with laboring breath and half blinded by the driven snow, will be able henceforth to guess more nearly what it must be to struggle with the unbroken fury of a Winter whirlwind on the pathless Russian steppes.

It is well to think of these things and to abate somewhat of the pert self-satisfaction with which we recount the triumphs and inventions and wonderful applications of human science. Of what avail were all these against a fall of snow, the very type of evanescence?

It is wholesome for the mind to turn away at times from the admiration of our day and our race—an admiration which is but a diluted form of personal vanity—and recognize the irresistible, infinite forces of Nature, and the Almighty Source behind them, eternally working around and above and below, calmly unconscious of man and his noisy concerns.

The Oriental despot looked on his splendid capital and cried out in the fullness of his pride: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" And, "while the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven."

THE LATE HENRY BERGH.

A UNIQUE philanthropist, but none the less a true philanthropist in the very broadest sense, has disappeared from the stage of action in the death of Henry Bergh. What John Howard, the incomparable English philanthropist, was to prisoners and captives, to the sick, distressed and unfortunate of mankind, Mr. Bergh, the American humanitarian, was to the friendless, sick and suffering brute creation. If dumb animals could speak or weep, how profoundly they would lament the loss of their best friend! But the amelioration of the condition of the domestic or other animals, although carried to a marvelous extent, was perhaps the least of Mr. Bergh's services to the world. The influence of his work was felt in our whole civilization. The cruelties to which dumb

brutes were formerly subjected on the public streets, in cities great and small, inflicted almost equal pain upon all humane beholders; they were object lessons which hardened and brutalized the spectator, and were especially pernicious in their influence upon children, while those inflicting these barbarous cruelties were in all cases made more stolidly barbarous themselves.

When we remember the condition of things which prevailed when Mr. Bergh entered upon his work, and contrast it with the situation to-day, the change for the better becomes most strikingly apparent. The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was incorporated, April 10th, 1866, and from that time forward cruelties to dumb brutes in all their endless forms have steadily diminished. Never was any great reformation given a more practical form from its very origin. Armed with the ample and effective authority of law, Mr. Bergh and his agents became at once alert, aggressive and tenacious everywhere. Evil-doers, who were at first both insolent and defiant, began to sing a milder tune when they found themselves suddenly landed in the common jails and subjected to heavy fines. The horse-beaters, like the wife-beaters, soon discovered that not only public opinion, but the law, was against them. And that the law was certain to be strictly enforced, several thousand "cruelists" in this city alone can bear personal testimony. Money was not wanting to strengthen the Society and help on its noble work. Besides the liberal benefactions from Mr. and Mrs. Bergh, and many others, Louis Bonard, a native of Paris, left a legacy of \$150,000. Societies, modeled after the pioneer Society in New York, have been established in all the States, and in almost every Territory in the Union. The aid of the law has been almost universally invoked, to render practical and efficacious the humane principles of this new feature of a better civilization. Surely the world is growing better when not only helpless men, but more helpless animals, making their mute appeals for justice, can receive protection under systematized order and law.

Henry Bergh, fortunately, but unlike most great reformers, lived to see his humane purposes and ideas established and firmly secure. When he first set about his great life-work, which was finished before life ended, he was met with ridicule at every point. The reform was of a kind that rendered this weapon almost the only one that could be employed against it. Of course its scope was misrepresented and its methods caricatured. This journal was among the first, if not the very first, to give countenance and assistance, in the form of effective illustrations, as well as editorially, to the new and generally discredited herald of reform. The late Frank Leslie was one of the very earliest friends of Mr. Bergh and his work, contributing liberally of his means and efforts in its behalf. He was a member of the first board of managers of the new humane Society, and he never permitted any business or work, however great, to interfere with the performance of his duties in that relation. He never doubted the triumph of the movement of the traduced reformer, and when that triumph came, it afforded him supreme satisfaction to remember that he had contributed in some degree to its achievement.

Among the names which deserve to be held in lasting remembrance, that of Henry Bergh must always hold a conspicuous place.

THE NEW EMPEROR.

FREDERICK III. begins his reign worthily by his serious and dignified proclamation to his people. There is in this document no more self-assertion than the occasion called for, and with this, an unmistakable sense of the vast responsibilities and duties that press upon him. Governed as Prussia has been from the beginning, it is impossible to separate the history of the country from the history of the Hohenzollern family; and it is not strange that the German Emperor, with that history in his mind, should have his thoughts upon Prussia, while his speech is of Germany. This was scarcely to be avoided, in such a King, called to his Royal and his Imperial throne simultaneously, and under conditions so trying and so solemn. No one can doubt that he will, in all sincerity, do his uttermost "to be a faithful King, both in happiness and in sorrow."

The letter to Prince Bismarck is less direct and simple than the proclamation, and must have been much more difficult to write. The two men are equally fearless and straightforward, and able to speak to the point; but there is clearly some constraint in Frederick's manner of address, and an occasional vague sentence shows that he keeps in reserve something which he does not like to express. The recognition of Bismarck's services is historical rather than spontaneous, and it was no overflowing heart that dictated the phrase: "You I am in duty bound to thank warmly for the maintenance of my house."

How much truth there may be in the well-known reports of antagonism between the great Chancellor and the new Emperor it is not in the power of any one to say. The gossip of courts is never to be trusted, and yet it has nearly always some grains of truth in it. It is quite conceivable that Frederick's ideas are more liberal than those of Bismarck, and the force of character in each is so great that differences of opinion may well develop antagonism between them. They must nevertheless work together with sufficient harmony, under the

circumstances in which the Empire is placed. Bismarck is the only man who can be trusted with the guidance of German affairs. This is self-evident, not only because he is absolutely the most competent statesman in the Empire, but because no other man, not even the Emperor himself, so commands the confidence of the German nation. Bismarck will continue to direct the Imperial policy, and Frederick will sustain him from conviction, if even at times against his own judgment.

Those who count on hesitation or uncertainty in the German Government will find themselves deceived; and Prince Bismarck will have in the Emperor, if his life is spared, a coadjutor as independent as himself, and equally devoted to the consolidation of Germany. The bond between them will be of one reason, but hardly one of sympathy.

EVOLUTION OF AMERICA'S DAUGHTERS.

A RATHER well-known New York swell, who is most finical and aristocratic in all his tastes and powers of selection, and who prides himself, above all other things, on his ability to keep the women whom he knows "assorted," has had an experience. Some days ago, just at dusk, he availed himself of the advantages offered by the elevated road for hurrying him down to City Hall. He found in the seat next to the one he chose a beautiful girl, exquisitely dressed, as far as taste and the wearing of her clothes were concerned, but apparently much distressed at the long-continued stare of a man sitting opposite her. After seeing her face become so hot and scarlet that the tears started from her lovely eyes, our fastidious man asked if she were annoyed, and if he could be of service, at the same time giving his well-known name as an introduction. The girl thanked him in a well-bred fashion, and until they reached the Brooklyn Bridge said just enough in sufficiently conservative words to show herself grateful, and not at all impressed.

After seeing her safely in a Bridge car, whence, quite as a matter of fact, she had "paid her way," the New York man left her with the usual words of pleasure at having been of so slight service. All the same, he went home later in the evening to dream of a face and a manner and a Junoesque figure that he had never seen equaled; and the more he dreamed and thought of her, the more he wondered that so "swell" a girl should be out unattended in the late afternoon, especially across the river.

The next day he received a note at his club. It was very pink in the envelope, and there was considerable perfume about it; and when he opened it, and found it was ruled paper, and had a picture at the top, he was about to fling it aside as quite unnecessary reading. The "Brooklyn" heading, the abrupt "Mr. Blank," and the statement that the writer took pen and paper to thank him for his kindness, arrested his attention. He gasped dreadfully when the last line announced that "ma," with a small m, "said he might call," and it took him some time to make up his mind to avail himself of the permission. Then he concluded that he had come across his first authentic specimen of the W. D. Howells girl, and he determined to see more of her. He found out the little low wooden house in Brooklyn that evening, and Juno, evidently expecting him, peeping through the blind, a stout, sleepy, common-looking woman ushered him into a cold hair-cloth and red-carpet parlor, then withdrew, saying that "Lilly'd be down d'rectly." Before she entered, his mind was made up as to whether he cared for any more of the investigation or not, but when the girl came into the room, it was so transformed and lighted up by her presence that he almost forgot his resolution. Juno was as bright, pretty and attractive as ever, in many ways, and it was probably only his surprise that made him over-sensitive to the "keeping-company," "lady-friend" flavor there was to her mind. He left her in a very few moments reluctantly closing the door for him, and has never returned, but there are the materials in his mind for the greatest "American novel" that ever was written. A pretty shopgirl, a commonplace, cheap home for the present, and, in all probability, for the future a refined, well-conducted home of her own, that shall not be unknown to "society." The question that hovers around this new phase of "The Bread-winners" is, whether it is, or is not, the best thing in the world that the American girl is usually several steps ahead of not only her father and her mother, but her brothers as well.

EXIT SULLIVAN.

SO the hero of the world of short hair, bravado, bullyism and international swagger is to retire from the ring! Doubtless he pictured to himself that a feeling of universal sympathy and sorrow would sweep over the civilized world when he announced this melancholy news, accompanied with the intelligence that he was suffering from a broken heart. All Christendom would put on weeds because he could no longer batter down the osteology of the human frame, paralyze its members, mutilate its fleshly covering and extinguish its everyday usefulness. And yet we venture to say that Mr. Sullivan has been mistaken as to the regrets that would follow his calamitous downfall in the prize contest at Creil. Instead of lamentations from the Press, there are lively expressions of satisfaction that these brutal exhibitions have received a very salutary setback by what amounts to the actual defeat of the Boston pugilist. This expression of newspaper satisfaction, however, does not compensate for the preposterous prominence which the daily Press has been in the habit of giving to the sayings, doings and criminal escapades of this prince of sluggers.

Conceding that it is the duty of a public journal to report as a matter of actual occurrence such an event as a prize fight, appreciation of its function as a society monitor should prevent it from gilding and elaborating any form of vice. But that is precisely what the Press has constantly done in the case of Sullivan from the time he whipped a poor old man, Paddy Ryan, "according to the Marquis of Queensbury Rules." So wonderful a man was this Bostonian pictured to be, that he was able to draw \$10,000 in a single night from the pockets of an admiring audience, and statesmen, generals, scholars and distinguished editors freely patronized his fistie encounters. As a result of this fulsome laudation, Sullivan became a loud-mouthed braggart, made himself a sort of peripatetic terror, and forced his wife to flee from home by his drunken brutalities, and in her bitterness of suffering to declare, at the close of the encounter in France, "I only wish Mitchell had killed him at the first blow."

The disappearance of Sullivan as the champion of the lawless "sports" who unfortunately thrive here and in England is only the natural downfall of a man with a fictitious reputation, so often illustrated in contests in the respectable avenues of life, and its true lesson must be that the prize ring as a theatre of the "manly art,"

as well as a money-making hippodrome to gull the populace, will before many years pass out of our national life.

THE LESSON OF THE CRITICISED.

THAT pleasant philosopher tarrying in our midst, M. "Max O'Rell," has evidently learned the lesson of the criticised in the easiest way. In the last number of *Lippincott's*, M. Blouet discourses of himself and his critics in that happy fashion which relieves the subject both of its egoism and of its discomfort. We say discomfort advisedly, for there is nothing more uncomfortable to the average man or woman than to sit down in quiet with a writer who is suffering from "scurfification of the pride," or to meet with a friend who is quite sure there was never a soul so miserable and misunderstood before.

M. Blouet has evidently taken the admirable advice he quotes from *Figaro* in "Barbier de Séville," to "go on his way unconcerned, blamed here, praised there, and ready to laugh at all around;" and it is a motto worthy of many followers. We are apt to wonder sometimes where the charm of certain ugly women, rather dowdy than otherwise, lies concealed, and we are apt to conclude that it lies in the fact that they are so "good-natured." As a matter of fact, there is nothing that cloy so soon as unmitigated honey, and nothing that lasts so well as a mixture of the sweet and the sharp. It is really not the mere good-natured woman at all that keeps us alive and brisk, but the mercurial woman who laughs when she feels like laughing, very often when she does not, treating you thereby to a brilliant April shower, is ready to jeer at you a little when you are dispirited, and is never, never ready to admit that you and she and everybody else are not as happy as the day is long. When such gaiety and raillery and content come from the inside, there is no balm in Gilead like that person's presence, and it is more or less true that the mere fact of compelling a spirit of peace and satisfaction is apt to bring it in very truth. The philosophy of helping what can be helped, and forgetting what cannot be helped, would rid us of many of our Jekylls and Hydes, and as these still remain unheard of in the feminine gender, our many charming women would only be joined by others equally divine.

PAINTING AND STATUARY.

THE monument to Peter Cooper to be erected in this city will be the work of Augustus St. Gaudens. The amount now in the treasury of the committee, of which Orlando B. Potter is chairman, is \$35,000. The members have deliberated for two years as to claims of rival artists, and the contract has been made with St. Gaudens chiefly because he was a graduate of the Cooper Institute, and has achieved a foremost place in American sculpture. This award is no reflection on the model of Wilson MacDonald, who surrendered a prior claim on the committee on the payment of \$10,000 to him by Mr. Edward Cooper. This model was indorsed by Daniel Huntington, President of the Academy of Design, Eastman Johnson, and other eminent authorities on art.

The Spring exhibitions in painting and statuary will shortly open, and it is estimated that over 2,000 pictures and 100 pieces of marble and bronze will be contributed to the different collections for critical and public view. Many new candidates for artistic fame, recently arrived from Europe, will for the first time exhibit in this city.

Theodore Baur will shortly produce a remarkable series of outdoor allegorical statuary illustrative of the poem of Heine's "Sphinx." The treatment of the subject will be on a colossal scale, and in this line will be one of the most ambitious works yet made by a New York sculptor. He has just completed an elaborately modeled "Loving Cup" for the Liederkranz Society, wrought in silver and bronze at an expense of \$2,000.

Alexander Doyle has received two orders for equestrian statues, making three executed by his hand. He has also the commission for the standing statue of Raphael Semmes, the commander of the *Alabama*, to be erected in Mobile, Ala.

Probably one of the most ambitious pictures that will be hung at the Spring Exhibition of the American Art Association will be "West Point Plebes"—a subject, certainly, that cannot fail to attract universal attention in this part of the world. The varying ludicrous experiences of these tyro-soldiers at West Point is a subject that has never before been treated in color by a trained artist of the rank of Arthur Lumley, who now enjoys the unique distinction in American art of selling his works in the studio long before they are completed.

Philip Martuny, whose models were selected as the best in the recent competition of sculptors for the monument of Dr. Sims, is engaged on a medallion—"The Great Seal of Virginia."

There are two competitions, to which more than forty models have been sent, for public statues to be erected in the Park—the one to Dr. Sims, and the other to Nathan Hale; and yet after two years of floundering, and backing and filling, the committees have been unable to make an award—much to the discomfiture of the sculptors concerned, who have furnished over \$5,000 in preliminary work, with no ultimate reward in sight.

Henry Baerer, sculptor, has received the award for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Brooklyn, to stand in front of the City Hall, a memorial to be erected by the municipality, at an expense of \$100,000. Originally it was intended to appropriate \$250,000 for this purpose; but this was deemed extravagant, and consequently the elaborate designs of J. Q. A. Ward, submitted for that purpose, were withdrawn, and Mr. Ward, being then chosen as expert, decided in favor of Mr. Baerer's, which has been adopted. The shaft, surmounted by a figure of "Columbia," will be of granite, 94 feet high, 60 feet on the base-line, and twelve allegorical life-size figures will be grouped in threes about the pedestal. The work will be completed in two years. This is the most important monument, in point of height and artistic ornamentation, ever erected in the State of New York.

Mr. E. F. Piatti has completed a Soldiers' and Sailors' monument, to be erected in Lincoln, R. I. The pedestal is surmounted by a colossal figure in bronze of a New England Volunteer, uniformed and equipped for the Winter's march. It is expressive of its type, and finely modeled and excellently posed.

In his decision, last week, on the application of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad for an order compelling the Wabash Road to interchange traffic, Judge Gresham laid down the law with a precision and emphasis not to be mistaken. While the occasion for the order asked for no longer existed, Judge Gresham declared that the Receiver of the Wabash was subject to all the obligations of a common carrier, and was "bound to afford all railway companies whose lines connect with his equal facilities for the exchange of traffic. It is his duty to receive from and deliver to connecting roads both loaded and empty cars. He cannot discriminate against one road by maintaining a policy of non-intercourse." As to the application for an injunction against Chief Arthur and the

Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, it was not granted, because there was no evidence of any interference by them with the engineers in the Receiver's employ. Judge Gresham said plainly that the Court would protect the property under its care. "The employees of the Receiver cannot be obliged to remain in his service against their wish; but neither they nor others will be permitted to interfere with or disturb the Receiver or his subordinates in possession and operation of the property in his custody." So far as appears, the decision of the Court has not materially changed the situation of affairs on the Burlington system. All the engineers on the Santa Fé railroad and branches, three thousand miles in extent, have quit work because Burlington freight was handled on that route.

ANOTHER unsuccessful strike has been added to the long list of failures for which the Knights of Labor have been responsible. The Lehigh coal-miners, who recently returned to work, believed when they struck that the Knights would support them and secure their success. In this belief they faced cold and hunger. Their Winter has been one of misery. The Knights failed to come to their aid, and the miners, after a long period of suffering, have gone back to their work, having gained nothing but the knowledge that the promises of the labor leaders are untrustworthy.

A BILL proposing a uniform law covering the arrest and extradition of criminals who escape to another State or Territory, just introduced in the United States Senate, should be passed without delay. As the supporters of the Bill state in their memorial to Congress, the lack of uniformity in the extradition laws has reduced a procedure which should be simple and easy of application to a state of confusion which has in many instances rendered easy the escape of fugitive criminals, and this state of things has been made worse by the frequent amendment of the extradition laws, so that it is not practicable at any given time to know the laws of the different States. The interests of public justice would unquestionably be promoted by the enactment of the proposed law.

UNDER the Constitution of New Jersey the Governor has five days in which to exercise the veto prerogative. Before the adjournment of the Legislature, week before last, several Bills were sent to Governor Green which, owing to their political character, he was expected to veto. The blizzard of last week found him at his home, forty miles from the State capital, and he was unable to communicate with the Legislature, which, in point of fact, was only technically in session, but one member of each House appearing daily and answering to roll-call. As a result of this curious complication, the Bills in the Governor's hands have become laws, and the dominant party is spared the necessity of passing them over his head. In this case, possibly no public interest will suffer, but it is easy to imagine that a complication of this sort might, under some circumstances, have serious consequences.

A BILL to prevent "combinations" and trusts, introduced in the New York Legislature, specially prohibits combinations for the purpose of restraining trade or to increase the market value of milk, bread, meat, flour, sugar, coal, wood, oil, glass, or of any commodity known as a necessity of life. It is made unlawful for any corporation, or the managers or stockholders of any corporation, to enter into any agreement for the establishment of a Trust with a view of limiting the price, or lessening production, or lessening competition in the sale of any article of commerce, and any corporation violating this provision shall forfeit its corporate franchise, and its corporate existence shall immediately cease and determine. Every individual, stockholder, or director of any corporation who shall violate such provision, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and every agreement, contract or combination declared unlawful by the Act shall be absolutely void. The passage of such a law would certainly be a step in the right direction, but it does not altogether meet the requirements of the case.

THERE be judges and judges. In Lewiston, Me., Judge Dresser has recently given a remarkable and probably unprecedented decision, to the effect that a live dog cannot be stolen in Maine. This is equally true in some other States—if the owner exercises sufficient care and is an expert with his shotgun. But that is not Judge Dresser's point, which is that the larceny of a dog is impossible, "because he is not an article of food" (to which, again, a Chinese or a Comanche judge would take exception), "is not made by the toil of man," and is not included otherwise in the list of stealable property. But the hide of a dead dog is stealable "because made valuable by the labor of man." According to this unique ruling, a dog may cost \$10 or \$1,000, but he is not property, and cannot be stolen; but once perforated with bullets, or saturated with strychnine, to the extinction of its canine breath, the hide becomes property, and can be stolen, "because made valuable by the labor of man." From all of which it would appear that Judge Dresser, impressed with General Sheridan's well-known theory that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," has applied the same principle to dogs—the only valuable dog is the dead dog; and, if it be true that "every dog must have his day," it is equally a fact, according to the sapient Judge Dresser, that a Maine dog's only day of value is the day he is dead. Perhaps the Maine Legislature, which holds its biennial session next Winter, will overrule the decision by passing a law that will make it punishable theft to steal a live dog.

AN Irish Federal Union Bill is said to have been prepared by a leading English Conservative, which a number of Tory and Liberal-Unionist members have been urging Lord Salisbury to adopt and bring forward in Parliament at the earliest possible moment, with a view of conciliating Ireland. The Bill embodies an elaborate scheme for the establishment of four Provincial Councils in the four Provinces of Ireland, each Council to be composed of two chambers and to have a very extensive jurisdiction within the limits of the Province. The Lord Lieutenant and the existing system of administration at Dublin Castle are to be abolished, and their places filled by a royal residence in Dublin and a Secretary of State for Ireland. The Irish representatives in the Imperial Parliament are reduced in number to thirty-five, and the Irish share of the national debt is reduced to £48,000,000, and the Irish contribution to the Treasury to rather more than £3,500,000. It is further proposed, after certain conditions shall have been realized as preliminaries, to establish an "Irish Federal Assembly," composed of a Senate and a House of Delegates. To this Federal Assembly is to be given not merely those local Irish powers usually attributed by Home Rulers to an Irish Parliament, but also the control of customs and excise and certain very important military powers. It is also especially authorized to deal with the land and with the relations of landlords and tenants. In a word, the Bill is a Home Rule measure, going in some directions further than that proposed by Mr. Gladstone. It is not likely that Lord Salisbury will adopt it, but the fact that so radical a measure is proposed by prominent Conservatives shows very conclusively that the Home Rule principle is making steady progress, and is bound finally to prevail.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

RESULTS OF PROHIBITION, HIGH LICENSE AND LOCAL OPTION IN TWELVE STATES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16th, 1888.

THE proposed mandatory prohibition law for this District has been voted down by the Senate Committee to which it was referred. A pretty general canvass of both Houses of Congress satisfies me that, had it been reported favorably, it could not have been passed. While investigating the chances of this mandatory legislation in the Senate I have incidentally inquired of Senators as to the status of the temperance question in their respective States, and have obtained some expressions that seem to be important to a proper discussion of the question anywhere.

The gentlemen whom I have seen and conversed with concerning the working of various temperance laws in various communities are Senators Blair, Manderson, Harris, Davis, Butler, Plumb, Jones, Platt, Teller, Spooner, Palmer and Blackburn—the members of the Senate who are perhaps best informed on this question.

PROHIBITION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Senator Blair said, in response to my questions: "New Hampshire has a prohibitory law which is a good deal like the Maine Law. It was enacted by the Legislature, and there are no local option and no licenses anywhere. There are town agencies to dispense liquor where it is shown to be needed, under stringent conditions.

"Yes, there is some dissatisfaction with this law; the liquor-dealers complain because it limits their freedom to make men drunk, and the extreme temperance men complain because some liquor is illegally sold in spite of it. In Manchester and Portsmouth there are open bars where liquor is sold in defiance of law, and the violation is winked at by a large proportion of the people in those communities. We find that it takes the people to enforce the law.

"There is still constant agitation of the question throughout the State by two parties—extreme Prohibitionists, who want fines for a violation of the law increased and enforced, and imprisonment made more certain; and a large number of people, perhaps increasing, who believe that high license, with or without local option, would be preferable to a prohibitory law inadequately enforced. As to the future, I cannot undertake to forecast it, except to say that we shall never return to the old saloon system."

HIGH LICENSE IN NEBRASKA.

In the rooms of his Committee on Printing I found General Manderson, the senior Senator from Nebraska. He is a solid, robust, square-headed and red-faced man, of ready speech and undisguised opinions.

"I believe," he said, settling back into the embrace of the big leather armchair assigned to the head of the Committee, "that Nebraska has the very best temperance law in the United States. It was enacted ten or twelve years ago, and was the first example of the extreme high-license law in the country. It gives every corporation any community, town or county can become prohibitory if it sees to do so.

"The way our law operates is for those who seek to keep the liquor traffic to select Boards of Aldermen, County Commissioners, etc., who will not license. The minimum license in the State is \$500, and the minimum in the city is \$1,000, but the Board may fix the license as high as they please."

"How does it work, actually?" I asked.

"The practical result," the Senator answered, "is a great diminution in the number of saloons. In Omaha, for instance, with 125,000 people, there are about 250 saloons—a smaller number than there were when the population was only half as great. The \$250,000 annually derived from these saloons goes to the city schools. In fact, all the licenses and fines of every kind in the criminal courts of the State go to the school fund—an important accession.

"The requirements of the law are exacting. Before getting a license the applicant must present a petition for it signed by fifty freeholders of the precinct, and must give a bond of \$5,000 not to sell to minors or drunkards. Treating is an offense fined \$25. No screens in doors or windows are allowed. The license is not transferable. On the whole, the law is satisfactory, and approved by the people. There is a Prohibition ticket every year, though, and probably always will be."

TENNESSEE'S "FOUR-MILE LAW."

I called on Senator Harris, in his pleasant library that looks out upon the east front of the Capitol.

"Tennessee is pretty well fixed," he said. "We have what is known as the 'Four-mile Law,' which absolutely prohibits the existence of any saloon within four miles of any school in the State. It operates everywhere outside of municipalities; within municipalities the people vote whether they will have saloons or not. There is a large number of counties in which there is not a single open public saloon; and the result is, of course, that there is a great deal less liquor drunk in Tennessee than there used to be.

"The question of Prohibition was settled last year, the plan being voted down by 30,000 majority."

MINNESOTA'S HIGH-LICENSE SYSTEM.

Senator Davis said: "We have high license in Minnesota. Bishop Ireland of St. Paul has had tremendous influence on Catholics of the State by admonition and exhortation, and after much study of the question as a philanthropist, he adopted and championed the high-license policy, and was active and influential in giving it the force of law.

"In every city of over 10,000 inhabitants, the license is \$1,000; in every other part of the State, \$500. Saloon-keepers, of course, fought the law vigorously. The law was passed in the Spring of 1887, and the Republicans were chiefly instrumental in its enactment, it having been made a plank in their platform. In fact, the Republican majority was increased in the Legislature.

"The law is received with general satisfaction. It is expected to annually put into the treasuries of St. Paul and Minneapolis not less than \$300,000 each, and to cut down the number of saloons one-half to two-thirds. It is also expected that most of the suburban and outlying saloons will be shut up, and that they will be bunched where they will be directly under proper police supervision. As the law has only just gone into effect, it is too early for me to say anything about the way in which it is enforced, or more definitely about its results. Of course it meets with opposition, and is thought by some to be oppressive; but many believe it to be the final solution of the liquor question."

SOUTH CAROLINA MORE TEMPERATE THAN OHIO.

"One fact I am trying to bring to the front in this temperance talk—that there is far less rum-drinking in South Carolina than in Ohio, New York or New England, in proportion to the population."

(Continued on Page 87.)

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 91.



RUSSIA.—ENCAMPMENT OF TROOPS ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER, NEAR CZESTOCHOWA, POLAND.



GERMANY.—THE NEW EMPEROR, FREDERICK III., AND HIS FAMILY.



ITALY.—WINTER STREET-SCENE IN A POOR QUARTER OF NAPLES.



SWITZERLAND.—THE HUMORS OF RECRUITING FOR THE LANDSTURM.



AFRICA.—M. CAMILLE DOULS, EXPLORER OF THE WESTERN SAHARA.

AMONG THE ARIZONA INDIANS.

WHILE the Apache Indians of Arizona are probably to-day the most dangerous of the nation's wards who still indulge in periodical outbreaks of active hostility, their neighbors, the Maricopas, Pimas, Yumas and Mohaves, dwelling on the banks of the Gila and Colorado Rivers, set a good example of friendliness and semi-civilization. Their occupations are chiefly agriculture and stock-raising. They also manufacture rude pottery similar to that found in the ancient, deserted pueblos of the Gila valley and the Colorado plateau. South of the Gila, the greater portion of the country, outside of the fertile bottom-lands, is a sterile desert, where the mesquite-tree and the cactus alone flourish, and the only living creatures are vultures, jackals, rattlesnakes, centipedes, and the venomous lizard which is depicted in one of our engravings. It was only in 1853 that this section south of the Gila was acquired by the United States from Mexico; and reminiscences of many customs and superstitions, probably of Aztec origin, are common to most of the tribes of this part of the country. Thus, one of the pictures, showing a beautiful Spring flower-festival, evidently of a religious nature, is from a photograph taken at Bavispe, a Mexican town of the State of Sonora, 160 miles south of Tucson, Ariz. It is as charmingly idyllic as the sylvan festivals of old Greece, with which some poets have erroneously supposed "glory and loveliness" to have passed away.

THE WINTER'S GREATEST STORM.

THE MIDDLE STATES BLIZZARD-BOUND FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS—ARCTIC DESOLATION IN THE CITIES—BUSINESS PARALYZED AND LIVES LOST.

WHEN New York city went to bed on Sunday night, the 11th inst., a dreary rain was pattering on the roofs and beating against the panes: when it awoke on Monday morning, it was blizzard-bound, and the worst storm of wind and snow on record in this part of the country was still raging in all its fury. It was the real Manitoba article, such as New Yorkers, heretofore, had happily only read about, and it immediately threw all previous so-called blizzards out of the reckoning, quite depriving them of their title and dignity.

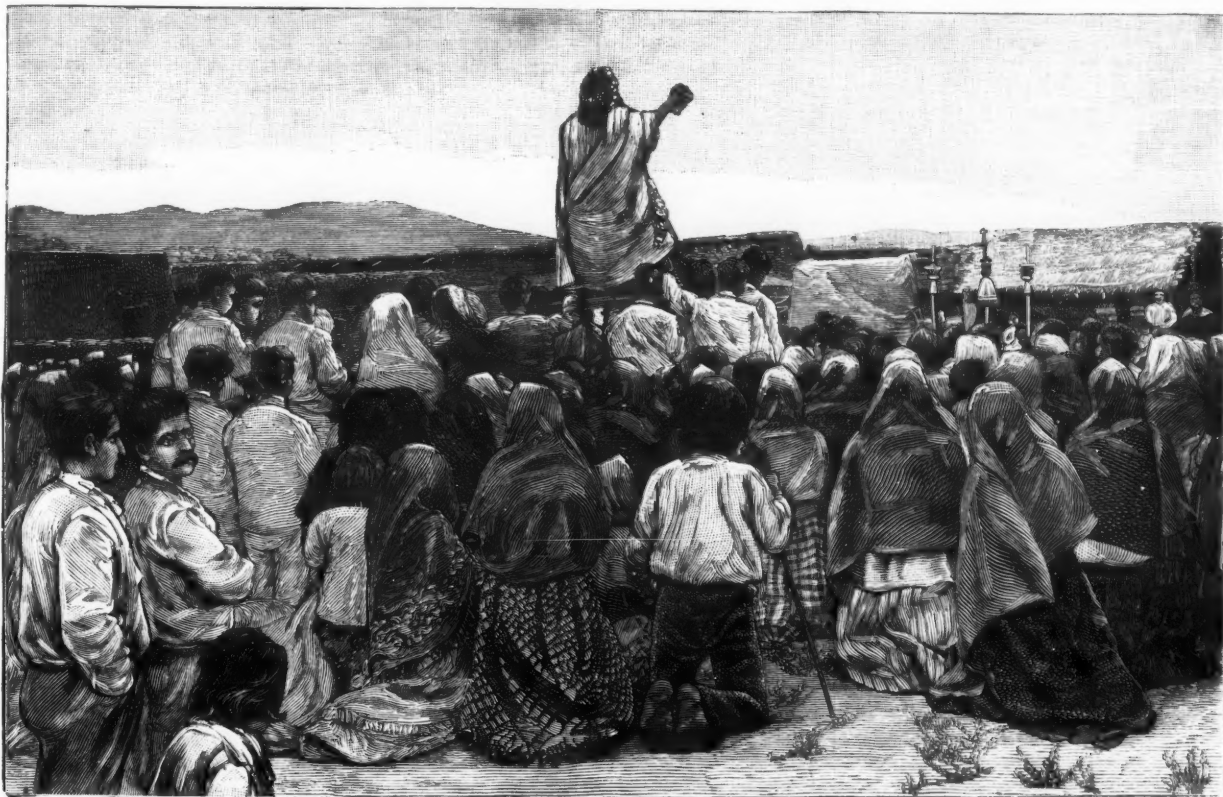
Imagine New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City completely isolated from the outside world, and with their internal communications—ferries, elevated railroads, steam-cars, horse-cars, telegraph and telephone lines, the mails, market supplies, everything—completely blockaded, paralyzed, and buried in Arctic desolation. Such was the unprecedented situation which greeted the urban resident on that memorable Monday morning. Every outdoor object was wreathed in fine, icy, clinging snow, and hung with icicles. Snow-drifts ten feet deep blocked the thoroughfares, filled up areas, and in many cases completely obliterated the front doors and first-story windows of long rows of residences. Telegraph-wires by the hundred hung in feathery festoons, or swayed desolately in the wind, while their huge poles, broken midway or near the ground, threateningly overhung the streets, resting on the wires or roofs on the opposite side. Dense, cutting clouds of fine snow swept whistling

and howling up and down the thoroughfares; for the tempest seemed to beat in from all points of the compass at once, though in reality the worst of it came from the south and west.

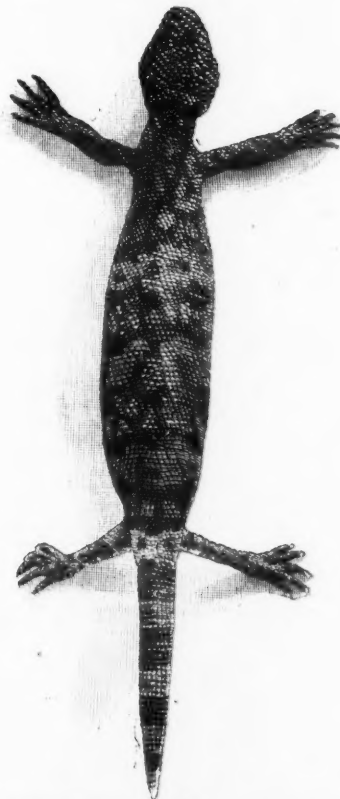
From mere force of habit, the great majority of the city's thousands of busy workers made attempts to start for their offices, stores and shops. Many of them, after floundering a block or two in the face of the terrible blast, gave up the struggle and returned to their homes. Others instinctively pushed their way to the elevated railway stations, to find the platforms crowded with hundreds of shivering men, waiting to pounce upon the trains of two or three cars, which for a time crept along at intervals of three-quarters of an hour. Even these trains failed to "get through." In some cases they stuck between two stations, and the unfortunate passengers were obliged to leave the cars and walk along the tracks, or clamber down ladders to the street. By noon, traffic was virtually suspended on all the elevated roads. The surface lines were still more helpless. Of all the horse-cars that ventured out, scarcely one reached its destination. The streets were full of abandoned cars, half buried in the drifting snow, and in some cases overturned in the gutters. Brokers and business men who felt that they must get down-town paid adventurous cabmen ten, fifteen and twenty-five dollars to take them a few blocks; and then the chances

were that they would be hopelessly stranded in some drift, a prey to the howling blizzard and the jeering populace. The only people who managed to circulate at all were those who walked. Such motley multitudes were never before seen in the fashionable thoroughfares of New York. Ancient wraps, fur caps and leather leggings were brought out from dusty garrets and triumphantly worn "on the avenue." Men and boys tied cords around the bottoms of their trousers, or put on woolen stockings over their shoes, or bound up their feet in rags and gunny-sacks until they were as large as barrels. Even Canadian snowshoes were brought out. Heads were muffled up in grotesque fashions enough to stock a comic artist's portfolio for a year. Women pulled paper bags over their heads, and looked like members of the Klu-klux or White-cap Clans. The streets were strewn with wrecked umbrellas, escaped headgear and lost overshoes. The crowds in the streets, and on the blockaded conveyances, were characteristically good-natured, and screams of laughter and good-natured ridicule resounded on all sides.

The numerous suburban residents of Long Island, New Jersey, and Westchester County, whose places of business are in New York, were unable to leave their homes. Those who succeeded in getting to the ferries on the few early morning trains that pushed through the growing drifts were in a still worse plight, as they could not get back home until Wednesday. They were obliged to



A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION AT BAVISPE, MEXICO.



GILA MONSTER, WHOSE BITE IS SUPPOSED TO BE POISONOUS.



TWO MARICOPA SQUAWS.



CHIEF OF THE YUMAS.

AMONG THE INDIANS OF ARIZONA AND MEXICO.

PHOTOS. BY C. S. FLY, TOMSTONE.

camp out in their offices and stores, or take their chances at the hotels, which were crowded with New Yorkers unable to "foot it" even to their city residences. For a short time on Tuesday morning, an immense ice-jam was brought up by the tide into the East River, and a thousand or more adventurous people walked across below the great bridge, laughing at the ice-bound ferryboats. Soon, however, the ferry men had the laugh on their side, as the ice swiftly broke up, and more than a score of the pedestrians had to be rescued from exceedingly perilous positions by tugboats.

Contrasted with the universal outward hilarity and philosophical defiance of the elements were the tragic and pathetic incidents inseparable from the great storm. Early on Monday morning an engineer was killed and a score of people injured in a collision on the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad, less than one hundred feet from the downtown station, at Seventy-sixth Street. About the same time, the incoming Chicago express train was telegraphed on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, near Dobbs Ferry; but, by a miracle, nobody was killed, though several passengers received injuries more or less serious. At two o'clock on Tuesday morning a tenement-house was burned in West Forty-second Street, and over a dozen families—men, women, children, some invalids—were turned out, and left homeless and destitute. Mr. George D. Baremore, a well-known business man of the city, succumbed to the storm, and was found dead only a few blocks from his residence. Of the hundreds who were overcome, but taken to places of shelter, a number died from the effects of the exposure. The hospitals and station-houses were filled with sufferers from frost-bites, or broken limbs. Many people must have caught their death from the severe weather of Monday and Tuesday; and how many flickering lives were extinguished by it can only be surmised. The poor suffered bitterly—and in silence—from lack of clothing and fuel, and from the temporary scarcity of provisions. The horses, too, had a terrible time of it, for a day or two. Their noble champion and protector, Henry Bergh, lay dead; but the organization established by him to care for the welfare of the dumb brutes did its work faithfully. Hundreds of horses were summarily taken from cars, cabs and trucks; and in some cases even Uncle Sam's mail-wagons were left temporarily deserted in the snow.

The blizzard covered the entire Middle States, with portions of New England on the north and of Maryland and Virginia on the south; but it did its worst along the seaboard. At the Delaware Breakwater alone, twenty-two persons were drowned or frozen in the harbor at Lewes during the storm, and many vessels were sunk. No complete list of the dead has been made at the present writing. No less than twenty-eight barks and schooners were driven ashore. Several of the stranded vessels are so far up the beach that they can never be relanché. More than sixty seamen were bound hand and foot by ice, and most of them severely frostbitten. Eight pilot-boats were driven on the shore at Sandy Hook and at Bay Ridge, and abandoned. Their crews, so far as reported, are all safe, but their experience concurs with that of old seamen, who say that the storm is the severest on record in this region. The schooner *Harold C. Beecher*, of New London, was wrecked off Branford Beach, Long Island Sound, on Tuesday morning. Captain Elverett, and his crew of seven men, lowered a boat. The men got in, but before the captain could follow, the boat was washed away and capsized. The schooner went down with the captain on board; and of the crew only one man escaped, by clinging to the capsized boat until he drifted ashore and was rescued, covered with ice, and nearly frozen to death.

In New York and her sister cities business and pleasure alike were almost totally suspended for at least two days. The theatres, and other places of amusement were generally closed on Monday night; weddings and funerals were postponed; and justice, which frequently moves at a slow and uncertain pace, came to a dead stop. Even Mammon was snowed in, in Wall Street. It was not until the latter part of the week that mails began to come and leave with anything like regularity, or the telegraphic and telephonic communications with the outside world to work. The railroad embargo extended throughout half a dozen States; while all the cities and towns within a line drawn from Boston, through Albany, Syracuse, and Pittsburgh to Washington, were in as bad a fix as New York. New York alone has sustained losses, direct and indirect, which cannot be less than six or seven millions of dollars; while it is estimated something like twenty millions will represent the total cost to this and the neighboring States involved in the most phenomenal blizzard ever known along the middle Atlantic seaboard.

SAN DIEGO!

"O for a beaker of the warm South;
The true, the blushing hypocrite!" —Keats.

WHAT shall be said of the sun-born Pueblo?
This town sudden born in the path of the sun?
This town of St. James, of the calm St. Diego,
As suddenly born as if shot from a gun?

Why, speak of her warmly; why, write her name
down
As softer than sunlight, as warmer than wine:
Why, speak of her bravely; this ultimate town
With feet in the foam of the vast Argentine:

The vast argent seas of the Aztec, of Cortez!
The boundless white border of battle-torn lands—
The fall of Napoleon, the rise of red Juárez—
The footfalls of Nations are heard on her sands!
San Diego, Cal., '88. JOAQUIN MILLER.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

BLACK BLOOD: A PECULIAR CASE.

BY
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF
"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S
WIFE," "THE PARSON O' DUMFORD,"
Etc., Etc., Etc.

BOOK I.—1815.—PRELIMINARIES OF THE STORY.

CHAPTER VII.—A SLAVE FOR LIFE.

CONVINCED that the cry must come from an open part of the winding path, where it curved close by the edge of the copse, on the park side, Anthony went quickly and silently on till, just as he reached the opening, a spot where

some of the ground had been cleared of timber a couple of years before, he stopped short to gaze horror-stricken at the scene before him.

He was in shadow, but the gray dawn showed the tragedy that had taken place quite recently, and to Anthony Cope's eyes all seemed, in the misty half-light, unreal and dreamlike, more a vision of the pillow than a scene in real life.

For the moan that had fallen upon his ear was uttered, evidently unconsciously, by a thick-set, smooth-faced youth of nineteen or twenty, as he bent down and was apparently busy over a prostrate figure lying on the mossy earth.

For a few minutes Anthony Cope could not make out what this meant, but by degrees he realized all, for the figure upon the ground was that of the gray-headed old keeper, and the lad busy about him was the rough ne'er-do-well of the neighboring village.

The keeper lay on his back, evidently dead, and the young man busy about him was not bent on robbery, but busy manipulating the keeper's gun, which he had entangled by the lock in some trailing branches, and placed the clinching hands of the old man upon the barrel, as if he had been in the act of dragging the gun from where it had caught, and shot himself through the heart.

The lad was eager and busy as Anthony watched him. He had drawn the charge from the keeper's gun, placed an exploded cap upon the nipple, and then, by means of a piece of rag on the end of the ramrod, he smeared the barrel, with the blackened discharge from another gun which lay upon the ground, so as to make the keeper's gun seem as if lately fired.

Then, glancing round, he undid his own gun, placing the stock in one inside pocket, the barrel in the other; stooped and picked up a pheasant from where it lay among some dwarfed hazels, thrust it in the pocket with the gunstock, and stood to give a last glance round to see if he had left any trace by which detection would follow.

There seemed to be none, and uttering the low, shuddering moan once more, he started to reach the path by which Anthony had come; but instead of looking before him, he glanced back at the silent body of the dead, stooped and picked some wet moss, with which to rub his hands in the dread that they were bloody, and then, rising, he threw the moss away, and turned to flee, but only to be seized by the collar.

"You villain!" cried Anthony, furiously. "You have murdered that poor old man."

"Let me go," cried the lad, savagely; "let me go, or it'll be worse for you."

Anthony Cope was no coward, and as the lad wrestled with him he dropped his staff and seized him tightly, bearing him back by superior skill, and holding him perfectly helpless by the throat.

"Give in, you scoundrel, or I'll kill you."

"Don't, Mr. Ant'ny, sir; you're choking me. I give in, sir; I do indeed."

Anthony dragged the lad a few steps towards the body, but resistance began again.

"Don't, sir; pray, don't, sir. He's quite dead. I tried hard for long enough, but he never stirred after—after—"

"You murdered him."

"No, sir, indeed, sir, 'twas an accident. I didn't kill him, Mr. Ant'ny, sir."

"The magistrate and the police will settle that, you dog," said Anthony, through his set teeth. "Here, come down with me—no, stand here; and if you dare to move it will be the worse for you."

He loosened his hold upon the young poacher and went to where the old man lay staring blankly up at the gray sky, laid his hand upon his breast, and drew it away with a shudder.

The poacher had not moved, and as Anthony joined him again, he cried, eagerly:

"Is he alive, sir?"

"No."

"It was accident, sir. 'Strue as goodness, sir, it was an accident. I shot a fezzan, sir, and I'd loaded again when Mr. Jerdon pounced upon me, sir; and it was while he was trying to drag my gun away from me, sir, it went off, and I wish it had been me instead, sir; I do indeed, for I wouldn't have done it for the world."

"Come along at once," said Anthony.

"No, sir; don't, sir, don't!" shrieked the miserable wretch. "They'll hang me for it, Mr. Cope, sir—they will indeed."

"Bah! No fooling. Come along."

"No, sir—no, sir; pray, don't, sir. You may want a fellow to help you some day, sir. Let me live a little longer, Mr. Ant'ny, sir, and I'll die for you—I will, sir. There sha'n't be nothing you'll ask me to do but what I'll do it."

Anthony Cope's hands dropped from the man's collar, for a thought flashed through his brain, and he stared wildly at him, as if in the future he saw himself needing this man's aid for some nefarious purpose.

"Yes, sir; I will, sir," whispered the poacher, excitedly, as he crept towards his captor—shuffling on his knees. "There sha'n't be nothing I won't do for you, sir, if you arks me, only let me go, sir, and keep this dark, sir. Oh, Mr. Ant'ny, let me go, sir—let me go!"

"Go!" said Anthony, hoarsely.

"And you won't tell on me, sir?"

"No. But go."

"Yes, sir. God bless you, sir!" panted the shivering wretch; "and mind, sir, when you want me, sir, night or day, sir, to do what you want done, sir, I'll do it, Mr. Ant'ny, sir, if it's to die for you, I will."

"Go!" said Anthony, dreamily; "go, man, and repent of what you've done if you did murder him, for my hands sha'n't send you to the gallows. Now go, and look here—Dick Sogden, isn't that your name?"

"Yes, sir, that's me," said the trembling wretch.

"Throw away that gun, and never poach again."

"Never, sir, I swear I won't, Mr. Ant'ny, sir. I sha'n't never forget what you've done for me—"

He rushed away, and the man who had released him went and stood looking at the dead for a few minutes, the eyes seeming to reproach him for what he had done; and then he stepped away on tiptoe as if to avoid wakening the victim of the mishap from his long sleep.

He had reached the edge of the lake where he had left his rod, just as the sun rose above the distant plain and the birds greeted the light and warmth with their cheery notes.

"He'd do anything I asked him—he'd die for me. Why, the man will be my very slave."

These thoughts came surging through Anthony Cope's brain as he stood by the edge of the lake.

"And I talked of revenge," he mused. "Well; who knows what I might want to do. Ha! what! have I got you at last?"

He had suddenly become aware of the fact that his float was out of sight, and stooping down, he raised his rod, wound in the slack line, and then struck.

There was no mistake this time. A rush and a plunge told him that he had hooked a very large pike.

Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour—twenty minutes, elapsed before he was able to draw his panting prize close in to the side, and then lift it with the gaff on to the grassy verge, where it lay gasping, with its scales, all olive-green and gold, glistening in the morning sun.

There was something savage in the way Anthony Cope thrust the gaff hook into the fish's gills and lifted it from the ground, while the direction of his thoughts was made clear by his exclaiming:

"Yes; but they are not married yet!"

CHAPTER VIII.—SOME MEN MARRY THE COOK.

SIR JOHN COPE was a good deal shocked by the discovery made in the woods two days afterwards.

The old keeper's absence was not noticed at first, as he often staid away for some time. Then his daughter grew anxious, search was made; and the old man was found lying amidst the grass and ferns.

Two dewy nights had passed since, and the trampled-down undergrowth had, to some extent, recovered itself—quite sufficient to satisfy the intelligence of the rustic constable that there was no foul play, for, as he assured the baronet:

"The poor old man, sir, had taight hold o' the bar'l o' the goon, and the locks was ketched in a brammel."

"Accidental death," said the sapient jury, who, at the instigation of their foreman, Shirter, at the shop, appended a rider to their verdict to the effect that people ought to be very particular how they carried guns.

This rider the coroner refused to accept, and the result was that Sir John Cope's old keeper was buried, the coffin being borne to the churchyard in one of Sir John's wagons, and then carried, slung by the handles, to the grave—and forgotten.

Not quite.

For one evening, a fortnight later, just before taking an important step in life, as Anthony Cope was crossing the churchyard, on his way back from the village to the manor house, he came suddenly upon a dark figure standing in the shadow of the church-porch, within view of the old keeper's grave.

The figure started back, and Anthony Cope, who was as much surprised, exclaimed:

"What are you doing here?"

"Looking at the place where they put him, sir. Going to London to-morrow, sir!"

"To London?" said Anthony, in surprise.

"Yes, sir; it were an accident, sir. I never meant to hurt the old man; but I can't forget it, sir, and I want to go away."

The man said these words in a low whisper, gazing suspiciously round in search of listeners, and then went off with his head bent down and his arms hanging.

The next day Dick Sogden had left the village to go to London and emigrate to Australia, so it was given out. Anthony Cope left the Manor the same day, parting very warmly from his cousin Phil, who was too frank and manly, and too pitying and sympathetic towards the man who had lost the prize, to be otherwise. Sir John, too, was very warm and full of invitations.

"Good-by, Anthony, my lad," he said. "You'll soon get over it. Of course you are disappointed; but there are as good female fish in the sea as ever came out; and when you catch her, bring her down, and I shall be glad to see her."

"I will, uncle," said the young man; and he held out his hand to Amelia.

She hesitated for a moment, for there was a repugnant feeling against the man who held secret meetings with one of the maids in the shrubberies by night; but the girl crushed down her feelings, and, in the character of hostess, bade her late suitor, gracefully, good-by, and then sighed with relief, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of Phil Cope's society.

Two days elapsed, and poor Madge came hurrying into her mistress's room with eyes very round and her cheeks flushed.

"Oh, if you please, miss, Mary Anne Pilling's gone!"

"Gone?"

"Yes, miss, and all the servants are talking about it. We find—"

"We, Madge?"

"Yes, miss, all of us—that she told the carrier to stop at the lodge yesterday, and she asked Mrs. Dawson's boy to carry her box down and send it off. Then she must have gone off last night, and walked across to the town and took the train."

"That will do, Madge," said her mistress, quietly. "I intended to tell Mary Anne to provide herself with a fresh situation. She has saved me the trouble."

Three days later, after the coming of the morning's post, Madge rushed downstairs with starting

eyes, and made an announcement which she had learned up-stairs, where it had occasioned great excitement.

The news was simple, and had been received from Paris by Sir John Cope—cards tied together with silver cord, and bearing the names of "Mr. Anthony Cope" and "Mrs. Anthony Cope."

A couple, too, were sent to Amelia, and in company with them she found a sheet of paper bearing the words:

"Driven to this by misery and despair."

Amelia's eyes looked rather stern, and there was a curl of her lip that indicated contempt, but she said nothing.

But Sir John did.

"Well, he has plenty of money, and has a right to do as he pleases. But what a fool to marry a woman of whom he'll be ashamed in a month."

"Yes, uncle."

"Well, never mind. It's all right. If a girl marries a groom, she goes down to his rank, but if a gentleman marries a cook-maid, he makes her a lady. Mil, my dear, give him a bit of time to take her about the Continent for a few months, to get rid of the smell of the hot fat and dripping, and then we'll ask 'em here. Poor Anthony! I didn't think he would be such a fool. Married her out of spite."

Six months later, Anthony Cope and his lady were asked down to the Manor, and the former came; Mrs. Anthony Cope was too delicate to leave home.

There was kindly hospitality at the Manor, but Sir John was not sorry, Amelia was very glad, and Phil Cope could not help wishing that his cousin had felt bound to stop at home with his wife.

But he was too generous, as well as too happy, and his grip of his cousin's hand was heartily given, and as heartily returned.

Then came Amelia's turn, and she held out her hand with a peculiar sensation of shrinking.

But it passed away on the instant, for Anthony Cope was frank and gentlemanly in manner. Marriage seemed to have completely transformed him. He spoke freely, and there was not a look in his eyes which suggested an *arrière-pensée*. In everything he was open and aboveboard. He showed no false shame respecting his marriage, but spoke kindly and pleasantly of his wife. In short, the past was all set aside, and Sir John was delighted.

Of course the young people saw but little of him. The occasion was their wedding, and Amelia was delighted to find how thoroughly sensible Anthony had become. In fact, no one could have imagined that he even remembered his old associations with the Manor; he was so bright and pleasant with all.

Not always.

His man—valet or body servant—a quiet, odd-looking young rustic, could have told a different tale if he had chosen. But, then, he did not choose, and no one in the servants' hall knew anything about the fits of temper, and the almost savage fury, Anthony Cope displayed in his own room.

"It was a surprise to see you, Mr. Sogden," said Madge. "You are the young man who left home to go to Australia, aren't you?"

"Yes; I'm him," was the reply. "I happened upon Mr. Anthony in London just then, and he said he wanted a man, and so I said as I wanted work, and there it was. I might as well have it in London as go to the other side of the world for it."

"Of course," said Madge. "Aren't you very glad to come down and see the old place again?"

The young man moistened his lips before answering, and when he said "Yes," his voice sounded a little husky.

"But tell me, Mr. Sogden, about Mrs. Cope—Mrs. Anthony. We were fellow-servants, you know, when she was here, and Mr. Anthony took a fancy to her."

"Tell you about her?"

"Yes. What sort of a lady does she make?"

"First-rate. She's always civil to the servants, and that sort of thing. Never bullies them; and she's very fond of the governor."

"And is he very fond of her?"

"Worships her!" said Sogden, nodding his head; and he went up-stairs muttering: "Worships her," to put out his master's black suit for dinner, just in time to be cursed for not coming sooner, and abused in a low voice for about half an hour.

It is said that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. Certainly Anthony Cope was not to his, for Sogden knew him pretty well by heart already; but then Sogden was mute as a fish, and when Anthony Cope swore, he did it in a low tone of voice.

Anthony Cope's stay at the Manor was prolonged to a month—very much to his man's disgust. He said the place did not agree with him, and certainly he looked pale and thin, in spite of the rejoicings that had been held.

For Captain Phil Cope married beautiful Amelia, and went off for the Continent amidst a shower of good wishes and slippers, and with bells and cheers, and then Anthony, taking his rod, went fishing, with Dick Sogden to put on the bait, because his master did not like to soil his hands; and then he dined with Sir John in the evening, and listened to his stories till bedtime, and all was well.

CHAPTER IX.—DEATH; AND THE IDOL.

TWO years soon glide by, and in the two that slipped away after the marriage of Captain Cope and his handsome young cousin, there had been changes.

At the old Manor there was sorrowing instead of rejoicing, for old Sir John, after his children and his nephew had been summoned to his bedside, calmly went to sleep, full of years, and after what seemed a very slight illness. Then, as if

they were drawn together by the sad scene they had witnessed, an increase of warmth seemed to come about between the new baronet and his young wife and their cousin Anthony, from whom they parted, the best of friends, Anthony Cope to return to his wife, who never appeared in society, and Captain Sir Philip Cope to his Lancer regiment, stationed in a town in the north.

He did not meet his cousin again, though they corresponded frequently, for a year, when the regiment being stationed at Knockaney, on one of the best salmon rivers in Ireland, Sir Philip entered his quarters one morning, looking manly and handsome in his uniform after a dress parade, to pause at the door and gaze with a half-amused, half-proud smile at the scene within, where two bright-eyed women were worshipping an idol.

Just in the midst of a long adulatory address, Lady Cope caught sight of the tall figure of the cavalry officer at the door, and, starting up, she ran to him to drag him to the cradle, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, and make him kneel down and join in the worship, in spite of his tight uniform, clanking sabre, and spurs.

Sir Philip, having relieved himself of his warlike panoply, seated himself in their pleasant room, and began to propose the admission of the serpent into his Eden.

It was in this way.

"I've been thinking," he said, "that we've been rather queer to poor Anthony, dear. You see there is no visit to the Manor for him—and, by-the-way, the agent writes me word that the people there want to keep the place for another year. What do you say to asking him down? The fishing here would delight him."

In due time the fisherman came over, but again without Mrs. Anthony, who was suffering from some slight ailment. The fishing was duly appreciated, and, after a fortnight's stay, Anthony returned home, parting from both in the most affectionate manner; Sir Philip having thoroughly enjoyed his companionship, and Lady Cope, who was not so well pleased, consoling herself with the society of the baby.

A week after his return home there came a letter from the late visitor, in which he asked for congratulations. He had, he said, felt hungry of spirit and jealous at seeing the happiness of the young couple in their boy. Now his hunger was satisfied, for he, too, was the father of a boy, one to whom he should one of these days ask his dear cousins to become sponsors.

Time passed on, but he did not ask that kindness at his cousins' hands; in fact, they only saw him once during the next year. Then the quarters of Sir Philip's regiment were changed, and this time to one of the cities in the north of England.

It was about a year after Anthony Cope's visit to the banks of the Shannon, when he came down to stay at the pleasant house which his cousin had taken about a couple of miles outside the town.

"I thought you would like the place, Anty," said Sir Philip, heartily. "There's quite half a mile of this walk down by the river all private and preserved, and the fishing is all to yourself."

Anthony Cope expressed himself as delighted; and he fished in the morning and caught chub, in the noontide and caught dace, and in the evening, roach and an occasional pike.

And as he fished, Sir Philip came down, when his duties allowed, and smoked cigars and chatted at the bottom of the long lawn.

At such times Lady Cope would bring her work and sit in a rustic chair, listening to the conversation, and watching her little toddling son, who always evinced a desire to walk straight into the water, a disposition duly curbed by the watchful eye and ready hand of Madge.

It was a lovely Summer, but the fish were off the feed. This did not, however, keep Anthony Cope from fishing diligently, morning, noon and night, for he would hurry away from the dinner-table to have an hour before it grew too dark.

Quite as patient was a solitary angler who apparently had great faith in a certain hole just below the lawn, for here he would make fast his punt to a pole driven into the gravel, and fish on hour after hour, day after day, catching few fish, but always in the good hope of getting more.

One evening Sir Philip had a few friends to dinner; and, as the gentlemen were seated over their wine, they could see Lady Cope out on the lawn with her child and the nurse, the day having been very hot, and the delicious coolness of the evening most acceptable.

After a time Lady Cope went in to look after the gentlemen's coffee, and Madge was seen to cross the lawn with the little boy.

"Bless him!" said Anthony, as if to himself; "how like he is to my little fellow at home."

Sir Philip was about to invite his guests to come upon the lawn, when the servant said an orderly had just come in from the barracks.

"Who is it?" asked Sir Philip, as he opened the letter handed to him.

"Private Thompson, sir."

"Send him here. Excuse me a moment. Pass the claret round, Anthony."

The claret was passed, the note read, and Sir Philip was writing a reply in pencil, as a good-looking young lancer entered the room, saluted, and stood at attention by the door.

"Ah, Thompson," said Sir Philip, without looking up; "wait a bit. Anthony, give him a claret glass of port."

The glass was filled and emptied, John Thompson pouring it into himself and setting down the glass before once more standing at attention.

"Tut-tut-tut!" ejaculated Sir Philip. "What did he want to bother for now? Here, Anthony, give Thompson a cigar and a light. That's right, go and smoke it down in the garden, my lad, till I call you."

John Thompson, known in the regiment as Cook, lit the cigar, saluted, faced half round, and

marched out of the dining-room through the French window on to the lawn, where he faced right, and marched to a path leading down to the river, half faced again, putting out his cigar the while to save it, and shred it up for use in a pipe, the more readily that Madge was at the bottom of the lawn with the little boy.

"It's too bad, gentlemen," said Sir Philip, finishing his note, which took him nearly a quarter of an hour, just as one of his visitors had said to another that the room was insufferably hot, and his neighbor had replied that he envied the soldier.

"Oh, don't apologize!" was chorused. "Duty is duty."

As this remark was made, Anthony Cope saw his cousin's wife cross the lawn, and pass out of sight.

"Yes, duty's duty," said Sir Philip; "but I'm doing one and neglecting another. Here, Thompson!"

The answer to Sir Philip's call was a piercing shriek from down the garden—a cry of agony which made all present start to their feet and rush out on to the lawn.

All but Anthony Cope, who stood there, holding by the table for a moment or two, looking ghastly pale. Then, seizing a decanter, he hastily poured a quantity of port into a water-glass, drank it quickly, and followed, as shrieks rang out again and again, and with them there was the loud buzz of voices with orders, and shouts indicative of a sudden alarm and danger on the way.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

(Continued from Page 83.)

It was Senator Butler, of South Carolina, who told me this, responsive to my question. And then he sent a messenger for a Census report and a Treasury report, and showed by addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, vulgar fractions and the rule of three that, according to population, there is only about half as much liquor-drinking proportionately in South Carolina as in Pennsylvania, in Charleston as in Philadelphia, and in his own County of Edgefield as in any other county you can pick out.

"Is it not," I asked, "because northern people, the world over, feel the need of more intoxicants than southern people?"

"I am hardly called on," he said, "to expound the philosophy of isothermal lines, or to decide the question whether alcoholism is a disease. I am not a biologist. I don't know anything about the mysterious influence of the Tropic of Cancer. I only present the fact. The people of the North may not be to blame for their appetites; perhaps they are not; I am merely recording the fact."

PROHIBITION STRONG IN KANSAS.

I sent my card to Senator Plumb, and he left his seat and joined me in the Marble Room. I mentioned my errand.

"Kansas is a Prohibition State," said the junior Senator, "and its law bears close resemblance to that of New England. But, instead of having town agencies, there is a special license for druggists provided for, to be granted at the option of the court, on petition of twenty-five women of the locality. He can legally sell only for medicinal or mechanical purposes; and he is authorized to administer an oath to this effect. A new law, adopted a year ago, has the tendency to cut off illegitimate sales."

"There are surreptitious saloons, but no open bars, in the State. In some cities the law is thus violated and evaded. The prohibition sentiment grows stronger, I think, every year; and it has more friends now than a year ago. The adjoining State of Missouri has high license, with local option; but the 'option' results in free saloons in the counties adjoining Kansas, so that a good deal of liquor is brought in. It is safe to say that there is not a quarter as much drunkenness in Kansas as there was before prohibition. Treating has practically disappeared, and a man can seldom be elected to office who is known habitually to violate the law, or to oppose it. I think that covers the case."

Senator Plumb turned and walked into the Senate Chamber, and paused inside the door to listen. Senator Vest was delivering his amusing "auction" speech against the Pension Bill, and he closed within a minute. Mr. Plumb instantly took the floor, and without notes, and obviously without preparation, made an earnest and coherent speech in reply. He is a man of uncommon readiness.

THE LICENSE SYSTEM OF ARKANSAS.

"We have a thorough-going high license system," said Senator Jones. "In the first place, any county may prohibit the sale of liquor or the issue of a license from election to election. In the second place, the county judge shall, in cases where license has been voted, refuse to issue, the same on the remonstrance of a majority of adults, including women, and may refuse to permit any saloon to be opened within three miles of a school or church. Then the judge has absolute discretion about issuing a license, even where it has been voted."

I inquired as to the net result, and Senator Jones replied:

"The result is that, outside of the towns along the railroads and the larger cities, there are four-fifths of the towns where not a drop of liquor can be openly obtained. To sell or give away a drop of liquor on election day is an indictable offense. Down the Arkansas Valley Railroad, I don't believe there are more than three towns where a gill of whisky can be bought."

In answer to a question, the Senator continued: "No, there is not very much excitement now about temperance. The local-option law is enforced with little friction, and is thought to work admirably. There has been a vast decrease of crime in the State."

I reminded the Senator that his State had enjoyed an ambiguous reputation for order and temperance.

"Yes," he said, "Arkansas has been lied about a good deal; and in the old times it was unsettled and quarrelsome, like every other new community. There is not to-day a more sober, peaceful and law-abiding State in the Union. It has made, and it enforces, a law making it a crime to carry any revolver, dirk, bowie-knife, razor or other weapon, on penalty of a fine of \$50 to \$200 and imprisonment. The only exception is that bird-guns may be carried, and large navy revolvers, on the curious

condition that they are to be 'carried openly in the right hand.' In a competitive examination of States for an exhibition of general peace, gentleness, courtesy and order, I would confidently enter Arkansas."

THE CONNECTICUT LAW.

Senator Platt said: "In Connecticut it is license or no license. Individual towns vote whether they will grant licenses or not, and if the vote is favorable, saloons are licensed under certain conditions by the county commissioners. A majority of the towns in the State—generally rustic towns—vote not to license; and in some years as many as one hundred out of one hundred and seventy towns in the State vote No. Of course this is equivalent to local prohibition, as the law is generally enforced. There is a good deal of agitation all the while for a prohibitory law."

"A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING" IN COLORADO.

"In Colorado," said Senator Teller, "we have a little of everything, according to the desires of the people, ranging from free liquor to prohibition. This is the result of local option, which simply means, let a community do as it likes. Greeley, Fort Collins, Colorado Springs, and some other towns, have prohibition; other towns exact \$1,500 apiece for licenses; and still others sell freely. Wherever the hand of the law falls, prohibition actually prohibits. The trend of public opinion in our State is, I think, towards high license, with local prohibition where desired."

LICENSE IN WISCONSIN.

Senator Spooner was not averse to speaking freely about his State.

"We license," he said, "at the rate of \$250 in Milwaukee, and \$500 in other towns. Whether that is low or high license depends on how you regard the business. The Prohibitionists of the State are constantly stirred up, and run candidates for every office when they have a chance. A very large proportion of the towns license. In the no-license towns the law is fairly obeyed, but some drug-stores reap a rich harvest, and there are endless quarrels and lawsuits resulting."

LOCAL OPTION IN MICHIGAN.

Senator Palmer said: "Prior to the last session of the Legislature, we in Michigan had a high-license law, which permitted cities to prescribe a license that liquor-dealers could pay. The bond, too, was fixed by the locality. Last Spring a new general law was enacted that may be called a local-option law. It provides that the question of liquor-selling shall be settled by counties, each for itself. On a petition, signed by a certain number of voters, an election shall be held to determine whether the county shall license or prohibit entirely. These elections are now going on. At the last account, twenty-six counties have gone dry, and only one (Washtenaw) is wet—that is, twenty-five have voted prohibition. There are eighty-three counties in the Peninsular State, and half of them will have elections this next Summer. It looks as if nineteen-twentieths would go dry. The law takes effect on May 1st. In case the counties vote to sell, licenses cost \$300, \$500 and \$800, depending on whether they sell malt or spirituous liquors, wholesale or retail."

Senator Palmer believes that the law will work well, and that it will settle the question.

KENTUCKY ALSO HAS LOCAL OPTION.

I approached Senator Blackburn with the question whether Kentucky was going to swing loose from her ancient and honored moorings as a hard drinker, and drift into the temperance ranks.

"We have adopted local option," he said, "and it works. Out of the one hundred and nineteen counties in the State, not less than seventy—a positive and even large majority—have actually established prohibition. We repudiate the doctrine of general prohibition, imposed by either the nation or the State, but we hold to and enforce the Democratic doctrine, that the people locally have a right to govern themselves, much or little; and so the power to license, or to refuse to license, is exercised in Kentucky by counties, municipalities and precincts. A license in Kentucky costs from \$1,000 down, depending on the local will. If the locality declines to act on the question, the county judge is armed with discretionary power, and he may peremptorily license or not license, as he pleases or thinks it best for the community. In a little town in my county, that contains only 1,000 inhabitants, the price of a license to sell liquor is \$500. Of course there are people who are dissatisfied, and clamor for the millennium; but these good souls, like the poor, are always with us, and doubtless their plaint will go up to the end of time."

W. A. C.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE United States Senate has passed the Bill to prevent undervaluation of imports.

THE date of the National Prohibition Convention has been changed, and it will now be held at Indianapolis on May 30th.

REV. HENRY Y. SATERLEE, of New York, was last week elected Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Ohio.

A PETROLEUM combination, in which the Standard Company is largely interested, is being formed at Detroit with a view of controlling the European refining processes.

GOVERNOR HILL last week sent a message to the State Legislature recommending the passage of a Bill providing for a Commission to prepare uniform and practicable excise laws.

GENERAL ADAM BADEAU has brought suit against Mrs. Grant for compensation in assisting to prepare General Grant's Memoirs, and Colonel Fred Grant states that they are willing to pay him for services as amanuensis only.

THE Blair Educational Bill is practically dead. The House Committee to which it was referred after its passage by the Senate is almost solidly committed against it. The House would probably reject it in the event of its being reported.

THE Bill to provide a method for the settlement by arbitration of controversies between interstate railroads and their employees, which passed the last Congress but failed to receive the signature of the President, has been again introduced in the Senate, with an additional section which makes it unlawful for employees to strike until after the railroad has failed for five days to comply with a request for arbitration.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE estate of the late Samuel J. Tilden now amounts to \$5,000,000.

THE will of the late Louisa M. Alcott directs that all her manuscripts be burned.

THE Prohibitionists of Indiana have nominated Rev. J. S. Hughes for Governor, with a full State ticket.

ARABI PASHA, and other Egyptian exiles in Ceylon, have petitioned for a remission of their sentences.

MR. PHELPS, the American Minister in London, will visit this country next month, returning to London in June.

THE private fortune of the late Emperor William of Germany is stated at 54,000,000 marks—about \$17,280,000.

THE French Cabinet have summoned General Boulanger to Paris, to explain his connection with the recent election.

THE South Carolina delegation to the Republican National Convention will favor the nomination of John Sherman for President.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN had an enthusiastic welcome from the people of Birmingham, England, on his arrival home from this country.

M. DE LESSEPS, the conqueror of isthmuses, who is at work with unabated vigor on his Panama plan of operations for 1890, is eighty-three years old.

GOVERNOR GRAY of Indiana is strongly urged by some of the Western Democratic newspapers as the right man to put on the ticket for the Vice-Presidency.

THERE are only four men now living who have personally received the thanks of the Congress of the United States. They are Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Howard and Terry.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and Mrs. Cleveland have been "honored" at the Sank County (Wis.) Poorhouse by conferring the names of "Grover" and "Frances" on twins recently born of an inmate of the institution.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales celebrated their silver wedding on the 10th inst. Queen Victoria and other members of the royal family, together with royal personages of other nations, and notable English officials, were present at the festivities.

A BERLIN dispatch says that Dr. Mackenzie, the English physician who accompanied Emperor Frederick to Germany, has received numerous threatening letters, and the Emperor has ordered that special measures be taken for the doctor's protection.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to erect a monument, or memorial, to Adoniram Judson, the pioneer American missionary to foreign lands. The purpose is, if possible, to have the memorial take the shape of a massive and beautiful church edifice, to be erected in New York city.

MRS. ELLA KEATS PEAY, niece of Keats, the poet, died at Louisville, Ky., last week. Mrs. Keats's father settled in Kentucky many years ago. Her sister married Major Philip Speed, whose son, John Gilmer Speed, a few years ago, published a volume of the poet's letters.

REV. DR. HARCOURT, of San Francisco, Cal., recently delivered a sermon on intemperance. Upon the edge of the pulpit he placed seven bottles containing samples of liquor from seven different saloons. The preacher then proceeded to give his hearers the results of a chemical analysis of the samples, which he had personally conducted. The effect was decidedly startling.

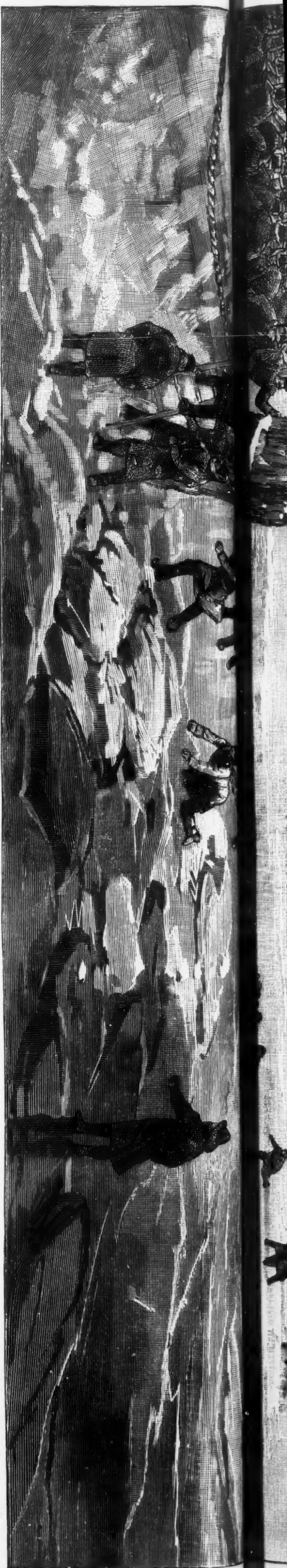
THE friends of General John C. Fremont, who think his services to the Government and the country deserve special recognition, have started a movement to have him placed on the retired list of the army. Senator Hale, last week, introduced a Bill authorizing the President to appoint General Fremont to the army, and then to place him on the retired list with the rank of Major-general.

MR. BLAINE writes to an intimate friend in Washington that he will return to America in June. He will time his arrival in order to reach this country after the Republican National Convention shall have completed its work. He will come direct to New York, and not by way of Japan and California, as was the original programme. Mr. Blaine will remain in Florence until the 1st of May. He will then proceed to England, where he will spend the intervening time prior to his departure. Mr. Blaine writes that he has not felt in better physical condition for years.

THE Chicago News has a way of saying what it thinks in plain words. Thus, in a recent criticism of Mrs. Brown Potter, it says: "Mrs. Potter's acting reminds us of Kate Claxton's, in that it has all the bad and none of the good of Claxton's. Her inclination is wholly to declamation, and her elocution is bad, bad, bad, from beginning to end. Then, again, to pile—as it were—an Ossa of wretched drama upon a Pelion of wretched art, this misguided woman has chosen to make her debut before the country at large in an archaic play involving simply a surfeit of mawkish pathos and indecent pawing."

GENERAL BOULANGER has been deprived of his command of the Thirteenth Army Corps, at Clermont-Ferrand, and placed on the retired army list, by a decree approved by President Carnot and published in the Journal Officiel. His alleged offense consisted in twice or three times visiting Paris without permission from the War Office, and in disguise. The general denies the charge, and several influential papers condemn the action of the Government. The new Boulanger newspaper organ, the Cocarde, accuses President Carnot and the Ministry of cowardice and treachery; and trouble is feared from the popular demonstrations following Boulanger's return to Paris.

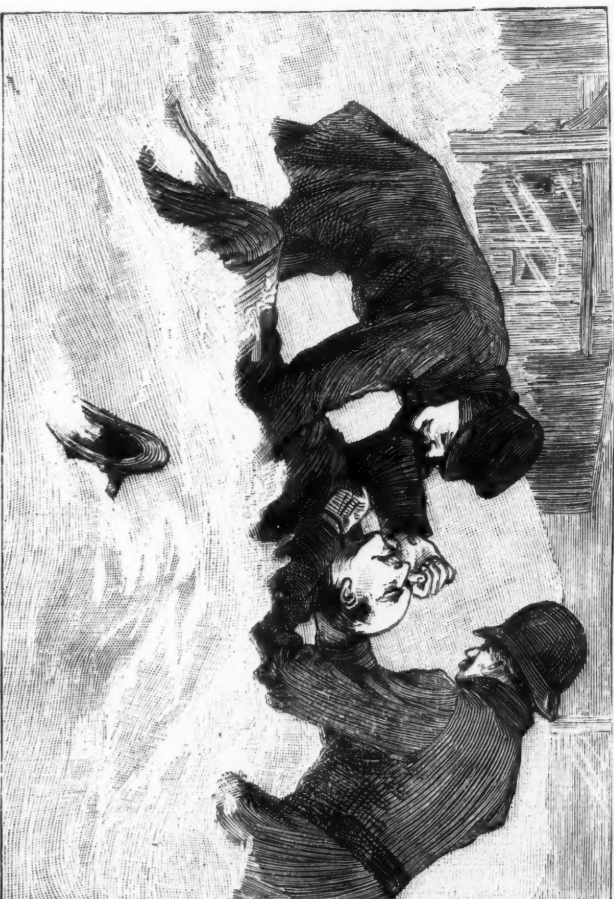
THE dead Emperor William lay in state at the Berlin Cathedral from Sunday night until Friday morning of last week. On Friday, the day of the funeral, the capital was draped in mourning. The streets were full of soldiers, and people wearing emblems of grief, while the carriages of foreign princes and dignitaries dashed about, making the formal calls required by royal etiquette. The Czarevitch and Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael of Russia arrived in Berlin on Thursday. The route of the funeral procession, from the Cathedral to the Mausoleum at Charlottenburg, was three miles long. Three Kings and seven Crown Princes were among the followers; but the Emperor Frederick was unable to attend the funeral, and both Prince Bismarck and Field Marshal von Moltke were excused on account of illness and old age.



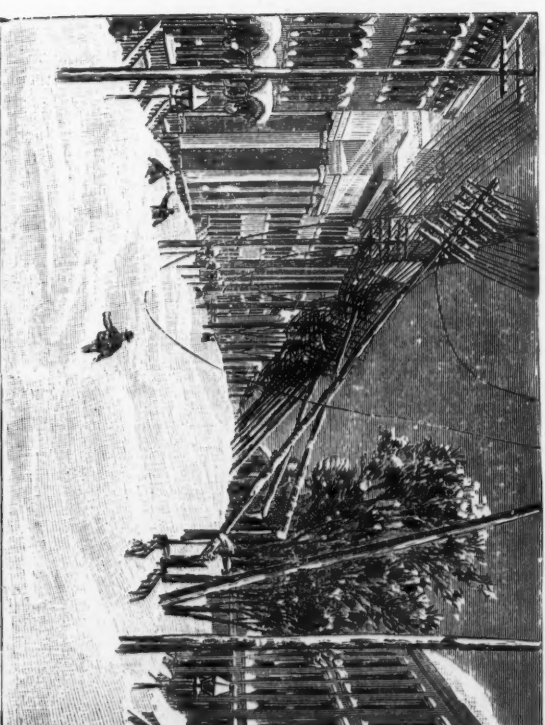
CROSSING EAST RIVER ON THE ICE.—DANGERS OF THE BREAK-UP.



THE COAL FAMINE—HAULING COAL IN BROOKLYN BY MEANS OF BOATS.



FINDING THE BODY OF GEORGE D. BAREMORE IN A SNOWDRIFT ON SEVENTH AVENUE.



BROKEN TELEGRAPH-POLES IN WEST ELEVENTH STREET.



MELTING SNOW.



THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE SCHOONER-WRECK, OFF BRANFORD BEACON.



SUBURBAN TRAINS SNOWBOUND.



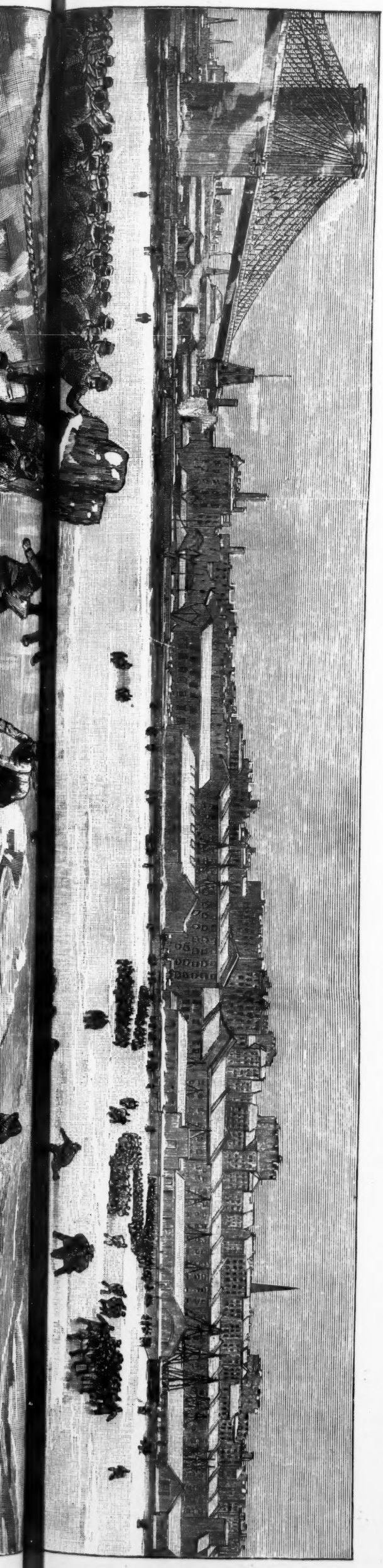
SCENE IN A FERRY-HOUSE.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT STORM OF MARCH 12TH-13TH IN AND AROUND NEW YORK CITY.

FROM SKETCHES BY STAFF ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 85.



BROADWAY, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BLIZZARD—IMPROVISED HEADDRESSES OF PEDESTRIANS.



HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED).

SEVERAL things had happened in their absence. Some of them were of such a character as to be at once made known to them.

Dr. Vincent Waynesworthy and Mr. John Tradd had arrived, having followed Girtan from Dellville. Marie had always been a favorite with Dr. Waynesworthy. She had become a friend and admirer of John Tradd long before Paul and Ethel returned. Indeed, those two, unadvised by any one, and unknowing certain dangers of which Girtan had been informed, had determined upon as quixotic a plan as ever emanated from the brain of as brave and impulsive an enthusiast as even Marie.

Paul greeted Dr. Waynesworthy with much pleasure, Marie explaining certain facts about him with much volubility and great apparent pleasure. Paul could dimly remember having seen this good old face bending over the pillow of his sick-bed in Dellville.

The meeting with Mr. John Tradd was equally cordial, but somewhat constrained, on both sides, in spite of that feeling and every effort. Mr. Tradd was glad of Paul's escape, and glad to see him well again, and quick to say so. But each one felt that there were certain explanations to be made which would make things more thoroughly easy and pleasant. Neither, though, could doubt that there was more than time needed to make light of all that had been dark.

Both the newcomers were sincerely sorry for the death of Carlos de Laishe. Marie had made them so well acquainted with those matters of his history of which she knew, that even Dr. Waynesworthy felt this death to be in some sort a personal bereavement—for the sake of Thomas Girtan.

Ethel Atherton was very quiet and sedate. I presume that would always be the natural result of a promise made at sundown to be married before midnight.

Paul announced the coming wedding almost as soon as the first greetings with the newcomers were over, and Dr. Waynesworthy expressed not only his pleasure, but his determination to be present.

But this did not agree at all with the plan Marie and John Tradd had formed—perhaps I should say the plan Marie had formed and John Tradd had enthusiastically accepted, despite the fact that no man under the sun could have coerced or coerced him into assenting to any such scheme had a man proposed it.

So those two shook their heads. Mrs. Girtan was in danger. Their duty was with her. They would wait for no wedding. They could not. Their horses were already ordered, and would be at the door in a few minutes. They were going to follow the route Thomas Girtan and his party had taken in the morning.

The horses came soon. Weapons and ammunition came at the same time. So, when Paul and Ethel, accompanied by Dr. Waynesworthy, walked slowly up to the church to be married, John Tradd and Marie went to the first corner with them. There, they turned their heads towards the snowy plains which stretched away into the southwest distance so white and vague and indistinct and ghostlike, while higher up, and a little to their right, the gray of the night sky shone over the tops of the mountains—just where the golden glory of the sunset had lain what time day died.

Paul and Ethel had intended that their wedding should be quite private. They had sent a note to the clergyman, briefly explaining matters, and asking him to have the church opened, and to be present and marry them.

He, though the time between the request and the hour appointed had been short, had found time and opportunity to mention the matter to several friends. These, in turn, had told others, and so there was quite a gathering of people at the church when the bride and groom to be walked up the aisle.

It was not such a gathering as had met once before to see Ethel Atherton married. Few of her friends were present; none of her relatives had arrived, although she had sent them notice—perchance a too tardy notice.

No; the people present were largely strangers. But there were enough of those Ethel knew to make it seem as though she was not utterly alone. And besides these, there were some who sat so thoroughly in the shadows that one could not guess at them at all.

The same clergyman stood there to marry them as had been ready to serve them before—in the days when there had been no Paul Walldon—the days when Carl Manniston lived and loved. The service was commenced. But it did not last long.

A woman, her garments soiled and torn, her head bare, and her hair disheveled, rushed madly up the aisle. She raised her hand with a commanding gesture.

"Stop!" she shrieked; "stop! This mockery must go no further! I am that man's wife! I swear it!"

And then, as Paul Walldon stood, dazed and stupefied in his place, Ethel fell forward in a swoon. And some one, an utter stranger to him, sprang up out of a shadowy corner and caught her in his arms.

But, if Paul did not know him then, there had been a time when he had. And scarcely one in all the room had a doubt or a question regarding him.

It was Baal Manniston!

CHAPTER XXXV.—SEEKING AND FINDING.

WITH such an assertion, fortified and enforced by such an oath, there was nothing left for the lovers to do but to separate, for the time being

at least, and go their several ways. The people who had assembled, some of them for a second time, to see Ethel Atherton take upon herself the honors and responsibilities of wifehood, had nothing left to do but to return home, discussing this most wonderful of events as they went. As for the clergyman—what could he do other than order the church closed, the lights out, and pray that Heaven might mercifully make the future of this stricken woman not very different from what she would have found it had this thing never been?

Ethel did not remain unconscious long. But it was Baal Manniston whose efforts restored her to consciousness. When Paul tried to approach her, in order to assist in restoring her senses, Baal looked up at the clergyman.

"Keep him away," he said, sternly and commanding; "do not let him touch her."

The clergyman evidently regarded Baal's mandate as reasonable and proper, for he obeyed it; he pushed Paul roughly back.

"You must not come near her," he said.

"It is my right," asserted Paul. "I am—"

"No, sir; you have no rights. That woman has said—"

"I don't care what that woman has said; she is a liar; she is not my wife."

But his face fell and his voice faltered as he spoke. Zaphrah was a very beautiful woman, a woman calculated to arouse the passion of a reckless young man; how could he be sure that there had not been a time when he was reckless as well as young? How could he be sure that this woman had not spoken the plain and simple truth? how be sure that she was not his wife? She had seemed to know much of him, and much of the others, at Niagara. He had always been inclined to look upon the claims of fortune-tellers as false and fraudulent pretenses. What more reasonable, after all, than the supposition that she had not appeared to know much that wonderful evening by the swift river? He stood, in moody silence, his arms folded across his breast, watching his senseless sweetheart, but thinking these things.

"If this woman's story is really true," he said to himself; "if she is really my wife, I am innocent; I know nothing of the past in which I wedded her; the pain will be no less, the loss none the easier to bear, but my lost memory is my good and sufficient excuse. I am innocent—only—"

And his thought shrank back appalled from the brink of wickedness upon which it stood. There had been a time when he had not had the loss of his memory of the days when he had been called Carl Manniston to offer in extenuation, even to himself; and, in those days, so Ethel had told him, he had stood up to marry her, as proudly and unshrinkingly as he had stood by her side just now. If this beautiful vagabond were really his wife, she had been his wife then—and he had known it then!

He glanced at the clergyman. He seemed to read the good old man's face as though it had been a book. And he saw the same awful thought showing itself there—the thought that forgave and pitied the present, yet had nothing but belief and contempt for the past.

And, just at that moment, Baal's efforts at resuscitation bore fruit; Ethel opened her eyes. And the same dreadful conclusion shone there—belief in the words the gypsy had spoken, belief that Paul Walldon had been innocent in his attempt to have her for his wife this night—but, alas! belief that, in the other life he had known, Carl Manniston had deliberately and intentionally tried to deceive her.

She turned her white face away from him, a shudder shaking her as she did so. She drew a little nearer to Baal Manniston.

"Take me away, please," she said; "take me home. I want to be alone."

Baal raised her to her feet. He put his arm around her to support her, and she leaned heavily upon his shoulder. Though Paul remembered nothing of this man, and knew neither his face nor his name, there was an implied devotion in his every action which was simply maddening.

Baal went with her to the door. The gypsy stood there, her cheek flushed and her eyes ablaze with her suppressed emotions, waiting for him and watching for him. But he did not look at her; he did not raise his eyes; he did not seem aware of her presence—and perhaps he was not. There was nothing in his face nor in his actions to indicate that she was other than a stranger to him—and perhaps he intended that she should be no more than that. If so, he is neither the first man nor the last to make the mistake of thinking he can disown and discard the tool he has used and is done with. He is not the first nor the last to forget the fury of a woman scorned.

She stood at the door, waiting for him. And he said nothing to her; he made no sign. Instead, he beckoned another person to him, and walked straight by, straight into the night, without her.

The man to whom Baal had beckoned came quickly enough to have suited the most impatient. But he did not seem to have suited Baal. Perhaps Baal Manniston was one who was used to being obeyed promptly in all things; perchance he was impatient, and felt he had reason to be.

Baal left Ethel standing by herself for a little, while he stepped back a half-dozen steps to speak to the other man. Surely the need of secrecy must have been great.

He leaned over the man, and whispered into his ear all that he had to say.

"For God's sake, Dale," he said, "hurry! Get your carriage at once. Take her home—to your home, mind you, not to hers. We must have her where we can watch her."

The man bowed. "I understand," he said, simply and directly.

"And as for him—we must get him out of town, frighten him out if we can, and nothing better offering—"

"Unless—"

—began the other, suggestively.

But Baal shook his head.

"There are some roads one must never travel twice," he said, emphatically; "I think we mustn't risk that. But you have almost as much at stake in this as I have; you have as much to lose, if not as much to gain. And it is going to be a fight to the death, Dale—a fight to the very death! You see that? Yes? Then for God's sake, hurry!"

The man obeyed. In an incredibly short space of time he had his carriage at the door. Baal assisted Ethel to enter, sprang in after her, and closed the door. The man called Dale mounted up to the seat beside the driver, and the team dashed away. The wheels grated harshly in the ears of poor Ethel; the bells upon the horses seemed ringing a funeral chime.

The people departed, as I have written—speaking interestedly of what had happened, also as I have written. The lights were out. The church was dark and rapidly growing chill. The clergyman was already almost out of sight down the street, and the hurrying janitor had his key in the lock. And still Zaphrah stood in the church-porch, leaning against a pillar, trying, I doubt not, to get an understanding of just what had really happened—and why; wondering, I dare say, how much she had gained by her perjury—and how much she had lost.

Suddenly a man laid his hand upon her arm. She shrank from him in astonishment and terror. He was the last one who had left the church, the janitor excepted, and the janitor turned the key in the lock, shook the door to assure himself that all was secure, and then walked quickly down the steps, before she had found voice to say a word.

"I wish to speak with you," said the man.

"I—I don't know you, sir," replied the woman.

The man laughed.

"I wonder how much difference that sort of thing has been making with you all your life?" he demanded; "I wonder how many of the people you know have become your acquaintances through the medium of regular introductions?"

"You shall not insult me, sir; I will call for help."

"Do, please; it would be such an eminently wise and proper thing to call for help; you would look so charming calling for help; fright would give a color to your cheeks, and a glitter to your eyes, and— But you are not the sort of person to go shrieking for help; you are a woman in the habit of helping yourself; do you think I am such a fool as not to know that?"

"I don't know about your being a fool; I know—"

"No; you know nothing. Seriously, I have no wish to insult you; frankly, I would not willingly frighten you—if I could. But I must have a talk with you."

"You cannot; I am in no mood for talking."

"Aren't you? I never pay any attention to the moods of women—not unless they have the advantage of me in some way. And I assure you that very rarely happens. You shall talk; you shall answer my questions."

"I will not."

"Ah? You will not? I never take 'No' from a woman—not unless I am so unfortunate as to be unable to compel her to say 'Yes.' In your case, I think I am safe in assuming a great deal of authority. You may come along with me peaceably and quietly, and answer the questions I ask, or I'll put you in the hands of the authorities, and let you answer them there."

"On what charges?"

"Never you mind that. If your conscience is clear, refuse me my request, but— Here! none of that! Keep your hands in sight! You cannot afford to try to use a knife on me any more than I can afford to have you do it!"

"Indeed, sir, I will not harm you."

"Thank you. And will you answer my questions?"

"I will—try."

"Will you answer my questions?"

"Yes; I will."

"That is better. You'd grow to be quite a sensible sort of girl if I had the training of you—unless you died under my treatment. You have saved me from a deed from which I shrank—the handing you over to the authorities; I never assisted the officers of the law—not—not— Well, on the whole, I believe I have never assisted them at all."

"Will you please go on with your questions?"

"I will, soon. But it is cold standing here. We shall be more comfortable walking. Shall I walk home with you?"

"I have no home."

"Indeed? I wish I could say I am sorry for you; but the fact is, I never lie—not unless I see some chance of gaining something by it. Let us walk, anyway. I don't doubt you are so angry you wouldn't freeze. But I was never colder in my life, and— When did you marry Paul Walldon?"

There was his question—his first question. He had purposely drawn her mind away from the subject, until this important question could be suddenly sprung upon her. When did she marry Paul Walldon? When, indeed?

She hesitated. Then she named a date, putting it as far back in time as, considering her age, she dared.

"Where?"

Again she hesitated, but again she gave him her answer. She located the place a hundred miles or so from Manniston, and, having named a place where she had really been at the time she had mentioned, and where she could prove she had been, she mentally congratulated and complimented herself on her acuteness.

But the man laughed.

"I knew all along that you were a liar," he said.

"Sir!"

"And now I can prove it. That man was not in that place at the time you have named; he was in Europe!"

"But I—I—"

"Exactly. Of course you can. Your word is as good as mine, I don't doubt, and maybe better. There are no witnesses to what you have said to me, and you can change the date and place when you are asked for the proofs of your rash assertion of this evening by some one who has a legal right to ask them, only—"

"Well? Only—"

"Only you might make as bad a mistake another time as you made this, if you relied on guesswork. And you're not going to have an opportunity to consult those who can help you out of your dilemma—not unless you have first satisfied me in your answers to my questions. I don't propose to be satisfied with being lied to. So, I ask you once for all, are you going to tell me the truth?"

"I—I am."

"And freely?"

"Yes."

"Very well. No lady like you ever willingly tells such a lie as that in which I have caught you—not unless some one prompts her to it. Who asked you to tell me this?"

"I—I— No one prompted me to it, and—"

"That is all I have to ask. Yonder comes an officer. I shall turn you over to him as having sworn to a lie. I shall ask for an immediate examination into the statement you made in the church. I shall tell the authorities that you have lied to me regarding time and place, and that I have no doubt you will do so again—to them. I'll give you just two chances; the first one is—guess at some other time and place."

"And the second?"

"Answer my question: Who asked you to tell this?"

"I—I— Can you have no mercy?"

"No. Knowledge is power. Power is pitiless. Was it Baal Manniston?"

"Yes," reluctantly—slowly—regretfully.

"I thought so. What did he offer?"

"I will never, never tell!"

"You will not? I presume you think so. But I know better. I know you will. Did you see Mr. Manniston with his arm around Ethel Atherton? Did you see him support her to the carriage, tenderly and carefully?"

"Yes, but—"

"Did you see them drive away together?"

"Yes, but—"

"Very well; you are undoubtedly a long-suffering woman, a very long-suffering woman. Did he see you?"

"I—I don't know. I don't think so. It didn't look so."

"I should think not. Did this man promise you money?"

"No, sir," she cried, her whole being seemingly on fire with rage at the mere suggestion; "do I look to you like a woman who would sell her soul for money?"

"Frankly, you do not. But you sold yourself for something, or the offer of something, and ever since I saw Baal Manniston on his knees, one morning, at a watering-place in the Far East, and at Ethel Atherton's feet, I've thought—"

"On his knees? At Ethel Atherton's feet? Did you see that?"

She turned and faced him, as she spoke, and her eyes seemed to burn into his very soul. He caught himself wondering how any man had ever dared trifle with her feelings. Brave, in some respects, as he was, he would never have dared do it.

"I saw it," he replied.

"On your honor?"

The man laughed bitterly.

"That isn't just the way in which I would have put it," he said, gravely; "but, if you will have it so, so be it. Yes; on my honor!"

"Oh, the scoundrel he has been!" cried the girl, wringing her hands; "the base and heartless villain! Oh, the fool I have been! the duped and deluded fool?"

"Ah! Then it was marriage he promised you, was it?"

"Yes. I didn't mean to betray him, but—"

"But he deserves no better. You are right. He does not. He will never marry you—not if you were the last woman and he the last man in the whole world."

"I—I suppose not. But what shall I do?"

"What can I do?"

"I will tell you. Stick to what you've told. I suppose you see you cannot afford to do otherwise. But, leaning over until his lips almost touched her listening ear, "never let him profit by it, see to that!"

"Thank you! Now please let me go. I wish to be alone, to think and plan."

The man stopped. The woman walked on. The man turned towards the part of the city which contained the finest residences.

"Mr. Baal Manniston," he said, gleefully, "I think I'll call upon you; to-night, if it is getting late. I wonder how much you can afford to pay me for keeping to myself the ghastly guesses I've made regarding a certain passenger by the night express?"

The morning sky was without a cloud. The air from the South was fresh and sweet, and, despite the lateness of the season, wonderfully warm and pleasant. It was a beautiful day; a day to be long remembered by any free to sit down, without worry or care or danger, to enjoy it; a day to impress the busy and the troubled and the danger-surrounded, even; "a beautiful day to die in," said Dr. Thomas Girtan, as he lowered his smoking rifle from his shoulder, and turned to the man who stood next to him.

It was five days since they left Manniston. It was forty-eight hours, and more, since they had made a hurried selection of this natural fortification, and prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. On the top of the highest swell in sight

on the vast plain, excepting the great mountains which seemed hardly more than clouds in the distance, they had taken their stand. Here there was a shallow depression in the rocky soil, a basin twenty feet in diameter and nearly a yard deep, and this was the place where they had elected to make the fight which savage wickedness had forced upon them.

They had fought for more than two days. Their horses were all dead. Their water was gone. They had hardly any food left. Their cartridges had become so few that they began to hoard them carefully, and despairingly calculate how long it would be before all they had left would be one apiece! One apiece, to stand between them and the torture.

Two of them were wounded, one seriously. And, though they had done fair execution in the ranks of their foes, two-score Indians was too great a number for them to have any hope left based on anything they could themselves do. Unless rescue came, and came soon, there was only one end possible. And the horizon was empty of any moving sign of help, and the plain was white and bare everywhere save where the savages crowded nearer and yet nearer to them.

A score of savages had wrapped themselves in their blankets, late last night, and gone to sleep beyond the range of the guns of the men they had entrapped. This morning, fresh and active, they came to take the places of any of the others who might need rest after their long and blood-thirsty vigil. And in the shallow basin where the white men fought? How can I tell it? Can you picture the horror of their condition? Is there any explanation more awful than the statement that for forty-eight hours none but the wounded had had any sleep? None but the wounded! And could they sleep?

These men were crazy for rest. They were almost insane for lack of sleep. It was a question, sometimes, in their own minds, whether their ammunition or their physical powers would go first. Their aim was growing wild, and their shots were less dangerous to the savage enemy, and the Indians knew it, and were drawing nearer and growing bolder.

And now, with the sun rising upon this new day, neither Girtan nor any one else had better praise of it than: "A beautiful day to die in."

The savages made a sudden dash at them. Bullets fell like hail all about them. For a little time there was a terrible doubt as to how it would end—a frenzied fear that the Indians would reach them, leap into the shallow basin which sheltered them, and make an end of the fight then and there—and of all things earthly for them.

But sturdy bravery won again. The white men beat back their adversaries once more. They had time for a breath, and for a nod, if need be. They had put off their evil hour for a little. But now, they had three wounded men, instead of two—two seriously wounded men, instead of one.

Girtan leaned on his rifle. He looked away to the southwest. "In that direction is my wife," he said, to himself, "unless she has suffered the martyrdom which menaces us here. I wonder if Stannard and his gang have been trapped as I and my men have been? I wonder—wonder—Well, I shall never see her again in this world; I wish she could know how much I love her, and have loved her—how true and patient and loyal I have been; I think I would—try—to—be—thoroughly—satisfied—with—that. And, if she has fared no better than I, it will only make our meeting the earlier in a world which is better than this."

He raised his hand and brushed it across his eyes; he was actually shedding tears. And then—he drew his hand across his eyes again. Had he gone mad, through danger and exposure? Or was this a dream?—a dream from which he would awaken with a start, in a moment, to find the enemy coming again? Or was it really true that there was a moving line, far, far away to the southwest, where just before there had been, only the changeless white of the snowy horizon line? Were there men there? And horses? And were the horses ridden at a gallop? And was the oncoming line a line of blue? A line to strike terror into the hearts of the treacherous rascals who had hoped to stain their hands with the lifeblood of Girtan and his men?

It was so. It was true. It was no dream. They were coming—coming like the wind; coming with a cheer which was like a draught of wine to the men who had been nearer to despair than they had guessed before; coming like a hope of salvation to what had been hopelessness—a body of United States cavalry, with our friend, Lieutenant Preston, at their head.

The savages seemed to consult together. For a minute or two there appeared to be an inclination to take time for one more assault. But they thought better of it. They got their horses hurriedly together, and rode swiftly away. Fortunately for two individuals, not then many miles to the east, the red rascals went to the south.

Lieutenant Preston and his men rode up. The lieutenant looked the men over, selected Girtan as the leader, and extended his hand.

"You've had a hard time," he said, sympathetically.

Girtan shook his head gravely. "Indeed we have," he said; "and you came just in time. We have three men wounded, as you see, but not one of them will fail to recover. An hour later, more or less, and you couldn't have done more for us than give us Christian burial."

The men with Girtan were already eating and drinking, being furnished food and drink by the soldiers, and one of the horsemen had dismounted and was vigorously supplementing the inadequate medical services which Girtan had been able to give to his wounded.

But Girtan neither ate nor drank. He gazed away along the route the soldiers had come—away to the southwest.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

SOLDIERS IN POLAND.

THE vast army which Russia has collected and holds in ominous readiness on the Polish frontier of Austria has undergone, during the severe winter weather of the past few weeks, sufferings almost as great as if it had been engaged in active hostilities. The country has never recovered from the ravaging and devastating effects of the Polish insurrection of 1863, and is not in a condition to supply means of subsistence for a large army; when all its dwellings and buildings are overcrowded, a great part of the military force has no shelter, and there is a scarcity not only of food and of forage for the horses, but of fuel, so that the branches of the trees are stripped off and torn down on the roads traversed by the Russian troops. There is a great amount of disease and mortality in many of their regiments, and large numbers of horses belonging to the army have perished. The barracks of the recruits' depot, in the Prague quarter of the City of Warsaw, are beset with the friends of the young soldiers, bringing them gifts of provisions, clothing, and other necessities of life, for their use in a campaign which may begin ere long. Our picture, from a sketch by the *Illustrated London News* correspondent, shows the encampment of Russian soldiers at Czeszochowa, where they had no shelter either of barracks or tents, and were crouching around a fire of logs on the bare ground, with the cold at twenty-five degrees below the freezing-point.

FREDERICK III. AND HIS FAMILY.

The Imperial invalid of San Remo left for Berlin on Saturday morning, the 10th instant, and arrived in the German capital after a continuous railway journey of about forty hours. He was accompanied by his wife and daughters, and Drs. Mackenzie and Krane. At the Italian station of San Pier d'Arena, King Humbert, who had traveled thither from Rome, held a brief, affecting interview with the new German Emperor. Frederick III. stood the memorable home-going journey remarkably well, and arrived in Berlin in time to see the remains of the late Emperor William transferred to the Cathedral. The people received him with demonstrations of loyalty, and the army took the oath of allegiance. On Monday his proclamation was issued, and, at his residence, in the Charlottenburg Palace, the Emperor received Prince William, heard Prince Bismarck's reports, and spent most of the day in transaction of urgent business. He took the oath according to the Prussian Constitution, in the presence of the Oberhaus and Unterhaus, at Charlottenburg, on Saturday last. Short though his reign may be destined to be, the new Emperor Frederick has entered upon it with unexpected activity, determination and independence; and whatever may follow, his wife's future rank is assured. We give a pleasant picture of the Emperor and Empress *en famille*, with their three unmarried daughters, the Princesses Victoria, Sophia and Margaret, aged respectively twenty-one, seventeen, and fifteen years.

A WINTER STREET-SCENE IN NAPLES.

Naples, the southernmost of the great Italian cities, with the exception of Palermo, enjoys a climate as delightful as its surrounding scenery. There are days in January and February, however, when snow-clouds flutter about the cone of Vesuvius, and a "nipping and eager air" causes the stoveless natives to seek the sunniest corners of street or house. In the poorer quarters, bonfires are built in the public squares, which are greatly appreciated by the general public. The picturesque assemblage attracted by the free warmth is depicted with especial zest and spirit by a Northern artist.

RECRUITING FOR THE SWISS LANDSTURM.

Switzerland has no standing army; but every citizen is obliged to serve as a soldier, making a regular force of over 200,000; while the Landsturm, or reserves, number as many more. The enrollment of these militia recruits in the cantons is an occasion of great jollity and drollery, as may be seen by the picture, which reminds old New Yorkers of the days of universal militia service, and the burlesque drills of the "Invincibles."

A FRENCH EXPLORER OF THE SAHARA.

M. Camille Douls, the young French explorer of the great Desert of Sahara, and of whose romantic adventures so many interesting stories have been told, is only twenty-four years old. After a sojourn in Morocco, where he studied the language and customs of the native Mussulmans, he made a voyage to the Canary Isles; then, in January, 1887, he took passage on a fishing-bark, which landed him at Cape Garnet, on the west coast of Africa. Striking inland, he fell in with a tribe of nomad Moors, who refused to recognize him as a Mussulman, and condemned him to death. They buried him to the neck in the sand, and, placing beside him a vessel of water which he could not reach, were about to abandon him, when the young Frenchman had the presence of mind to begin chanting verses from the Koran. This convinced the nomads that he was a Turk and a "brother," and they adopted him into the tribe. With them he roamed the Western Sahara for six months, during which time he visited the slave-market at Tindouf, and witnessed the massacre of three caravans. Finally he effected his escape by telling the chief, who had offered him his daughter in marriage, that he desired to return to Turkey, to procure wedding-presents and money. The nomad chief conducted him to the frontier of Morocco, and turned him over to the Caïd of Ibraas. Here his identity was discovered; but through the efforts of the English Consul, Mr. Kirby Green, he was rescued from prison, and enabled to return to Paris, via England. M. Douls is about to publish an account of his adventurous experiences; and he expects shortly to start out with the purpose of completely traversing the Sahara from the northeast to the southwest.

GENERAL J. G. WALKER.

CONSUL-GENERAL TO THE UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA.

GENERAL JOHN G. WALKER, recently confirmed by the Senate as United States Consul-general and Secretary of Legation to Bogota, United States of Colombia, S. A., was born in Howard County, Mo., sixty-two years ago, of Virginia parents. His grandfather was a Colonel in the English Army, from which he resigned and emigrated to Virginia and married a Miss Meade of that State. In the Revolutionary War he espoused the cause of the American patriots, and was Adjutant of Baylor's Cavalry Regiment, and subsequently was on General Washington's Staff. General Walker's father married, at the "Her-

mitage," a niece of General Andrew Jackson, and settled in Missouri.

His only son, John G. Walker (the present Consul-general) was educated in the Jesuit College at St. Louis. On May 6th, 1846, he was appointed First-lieutenant of the Mounted Rifles, United States Army. He served gallantly in the War with Mexico, under General Scott, participating in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, and Molino del Rey, in the latter of which he was wounded. He was breveted Captain, August 1st, 1847, "for gallant and meritorious services" in the affair of San Juan de los Rios.

After the termination of the Mexican War, Captain Walker served in Oregon, California, Kansas, Nebraska, Florida, Texas and New Mexico. When the South went into rebellion, Captain Walker resigned his commission in the United States Army and was commissioned a Colonel, and later on he was promoted to a Brigadier-generalship, in the Confederate service. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia, commanding a division at Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg. He was subsequently promoted to be Major-general for "gallant conduct" in the battle of Sharpsburg. In December, 1862, he was transferred to the command of a Texas division serving in Arkansas, which participated in the battle of Pleasant Hill and the bloody battle of Mansfield, La., and Jenkins Ferry (Saline Bottom), in 1864. In June of that year, General Walker was assigned to the command of Louisiana, and subsequently to that of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and was in command of the department when the Stars and Bars were furled for ever at the surrender of General Lee. Since the close of the Civil War, General Walker has been engaged in mining in Mexico, and engineering and railroad operations in the Southwestern States.

ON THE ALASKAN ISLANDS.

THE interesting pictures on page 93, drawn from original sketches, accurately represent characteristic natural features of the larger Aleutian Islands, and those lying along the south coast of Alaska, together with the principal occupations of the inhabitants. The latter are of Eskimo origin, but evidently of mixed Indian blood. The men are tall and straight, with light copper-colored complexions, black hair and eyes, and but little hair on their faces. They clothe themselves in the skins of animals, birds, and seals. Hunting, fishing and boat-building are their chief occupations. The natives of the Island of St. Lawrence, the western end of which is only sixty miles from the Asiatic coast, do a thriving trade with their western neighbors, who supply them with reindeer, marmot and other skins, in return for boats, frames, etc., made from driftwood by the islanders. Two of the highest of the many peaks on these volcanic islands are shown—that on Unalaska being one of the several volcanoes on this island, which is one of the largest of the Aleutians. On the Islands of St. Paul and St. George, and at Unalaska, which is one of the oldest Russian settlements on the northwest coast, and a great headquarters for Pacific whalers, the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco has its chief Alaskan stations. St. Paul and St. George, ice-bound in winter and shrouded in fogs in summer, are inhabited by some 400 natives, comprising the best of the Aleut tribes, who are able to live in a comparatively civilized and luxurious fashion from the large earnings they make during the sealing season. The limit set by the United States Government upon the annual killing is 100,000 skins, upon which the company pay a tax of \$2.62½ each. The natives receive forty cents for each skin taken; and seventy men on the Island of St. Paul take about 80,000 yearly.

One of our illustrations shows the method of creeping up on a herd of seals. A number of Aleuts having gotten between the animals on the shore—most of them probably asleep—and the water's edge, the latter, awakening and finding their retreat to the surf cut off, scramble further up on the land. The Aleuts, probably a dozen in number, form a sort of funnel-shaped skirmish line and approach the animals, that keep retiring before them. To prevent their being overheated by exertion, which might affect the skin if not immediately stripped from the slain animal, they are seldom driven much faster than half a mile an hour, and often allowed to rest. So numerous are they, and so easy to drive to the killing-grounds, that the Aleuts have no trouble in securing the whole 100,000 in a week or ten days over a month's time. There is an object in hurrying the work, as the skins are better earlier in the season, but if there be much warm weather during this time the driving is slower and all other work is correspondingly retarded.

The seals having cooled off for two or three hours, they are killed in herds of 100 to 150 strong by striking them on the head with peculiarly shaped clubs made particularly for this purpose. If the day is warm they skin the animals rapidly, killing only a few at a time, but if cold they can kill even a thousand or so before beginning work in taking the skins.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 9TH.—In Washington, D. C., Thomas J. Potter, Vice-president and General Manager of the Union Pacific Railway Company, aged 48 years; in New York, Harvey S. Ladew, prominent leather merchant, aged 62 years. MARCH 10TH.—In Danville, Va., Dr. Charles Martin, Clerk of the United States District and Circuit Court for the Western District of Virginia, aged 75 years; in New York, William B. Shaw, General Agent of the Equitable Life Insurance Society, aged 76 years; at Green Cove Springs, Fla., Major N. Bayard Clinch. MARCH 12TH.—In Bricekchurch, N. J., Minot Canfield Morgan, aged 84 years; in New York, Henry Bergh, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, aged 65 years; in New York, Thomas P. Poe, of the Real Estate Exchange, aged 34 years; in New York, Dr. Edward Livingston Shaffer, aged 40 years. MARCH 15TH.—In New York, Gilman Collamore, the well-known importer of chinaware, aged 54 years.

THE cost of drilling a gas-well is usually from \$3,500 to \$6,000. The method pursued is the same as for an oil-well. The weight of the drills with the attached "jars" is 3,000 to 4,000 pounds. These rise and fall four or five feet, and are constantly rotated, so as to bring the bit into contact with the entire circumference of the drilling. For a depth of 500 feet the hole is bored 8 inches in diameter, and is cased with 5-8 piping. Beyond this depth the hole is continued with a diameter of 6 inches until gas shall be reached or the well abandoned. A casing of 4-inch piping is used for this lower portion. Under ordinary circumstances, about fifty days are required for the drilling.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

RUSSIAN war preparations still continue on a large scale.

JAPAN has adopted a standard time for the whole Empire.

THERE are thirty-seven Japanese students in the Ann Arbor (Mich.) University.

A PATENT for driving vehicles by electricity is said to have been sold in London for £50,000.

DISPATCHES from Winnipeg state that fears are felt of an Indian outbreak in the Far Northwest Territories.

THERE is to be a great gathering of Baptists in Washington next May. Some 2,000 delegates, representing 30,000 churches, have been enrolled.

THE book "Ben-Hur" in its brief life of seven years has had an exceptional sale, being now in the two hundred and twenty-five thousandth.

THE French Transatlantic Steamship Company has furnished its large fleet with complete apparatus for "dropping oil on the waves" during bad weather.

THE official report of the Yellow River inundations in China state that 100,000 persons were drowned, besides 1,800,000 made homeless and destitute.

AN Indian line steamship, called the *New York*, just launched on the River Clyde, is said to be the largest steamer in the world with the exception of the *Great Eastern*.

A VIOLENT snowstorm last week visited England, Wales and Scotland. Russia also had a blizzard. Odessa was snowed under, many of the streets being rendered impassable.

A CONVENTION of lawyers will be held in Washington on May 22d to form a National Bar Association and to urge upon the several States the adoption of uniform marriage and divorce laws.

A BILL has been reported to the House of Representatives limiting the coinage of the double eagle to twenty per cent. of the gold deposited in the mints, and discontinuing the coinage of \$3 and \$1 gold pieces.

THE Oaths Bill, which permits jurors, witnesses, officers of the army and navy, and all officials, to affirm, if they so desire, has passed its second reading in the British House of Commons by a vote of 250 to 150.

SUITS are to be instituted by the Government to secure the cancellation of the patents issued on forty-two homestead entries made at the Pueblo (Col.) Land Office, covering an area of 6,720 acres of land, said to contain valuable coal deposits and well-known mines. The entries are said to have been fraudulent.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has passed the public-worship estimates, with an amendment that no new appointments to bishoprics not provided for in the Concordat shall be made on the death of the present occupants of sees. Credits for the maintenance of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish seminaries were rejected.

OVER 700 remonstrances have been filed against the issuance of liquor licenses in Alleghany County, Pa., under the new law. In Armstrong County, in the same State, great excitement has been caused by the decision of a local judge annulling all licenses in the county, which means total prohibition for a year at least.

AN official return laid on the table in the British Parliament compares the Coercion Acts of 1882 and 1887, for a period of six months. In 1882 there were 1,114 prosecutions, of which there were 466 convictions and 648 were discharged. In 1887 there were 628 prosecutions, of which 415 were convictions and 213 were discharged.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S memoirs are in the hands of publishers, and will be issued shortly. The work will be autobiographical in character. It will consist of two volumes of six or seven hundred pages each, and a very interesting part of it will be the observations which General Sheridan made in Europe during the Franco-Prussian War.

THE President has signed the Chinese Bill just passed by Congress. The penalty attached to the Bill is an indemnity of \$275,000. No Chinese immigration is to be permitted for twenty years. Any Chinaman who leaves this country for China and wishes to return must prove that he has a family in this country or is the owner of property here to the value of \$1,000.

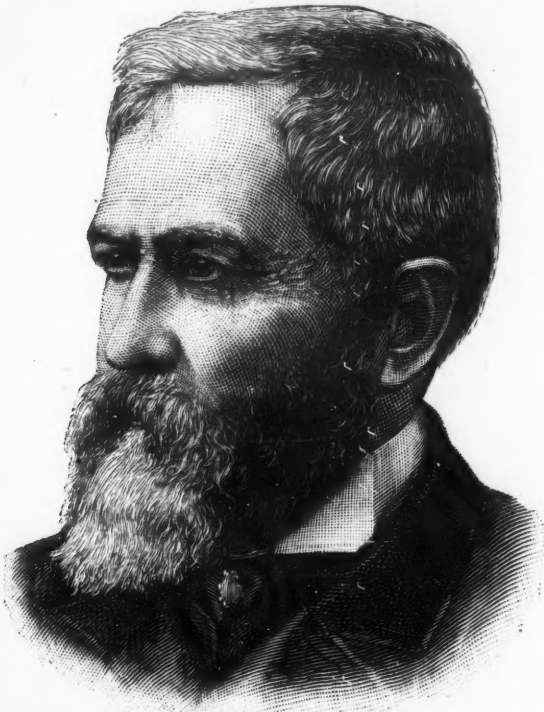
THE French, British and Spanish residents at Tangier are urging the Sultan of Morocco to accede to the demands of the American Consul in the matter of the arrest of a United States protégé there. The Consul has given the Moroccan Government a fortnight in which to afford satisfaction. The United States war-ship *Enterprise* has arrived at Tangier to enforce the demands of the Consul.

ENGLAND is about to fund her 3 per cents in a new "consol" bearing 2½ per cent. interest for fifteen years, and after that period 2½ per cent. This change is an indication of the steady accumulation of loanable capital, not merely in England, but in the whole commercial world, and an indication also of the fact that the relative as well as the absolute share of capital in current production is growing smaller.

IT was stated, at a late meeting of the Irish National League, that since the last published report, the sum of \$25,000 has been received from America for the benefit of evicted tenants. Instead of the League being in a dying condition, as its enemies have asserted, it shows more vitality than it has ever shown before. The contributions received by the League during the past fortnight, have been three times greater than those for the same period in 1887.

MR. GEORGE P. ROWELL, of New York, who is authority on such matters, in an address before the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, at Indianapolis, proved that five newspapers issue more than one-seventh of the total edition of all the daily papers printed. The daily newspapers in the United States now number about fourteen hundred, consequently the five which were referred to must each sell an average edition two hundred times greater than the average of the others.

HYDE TAVERN, of Revolutionary fame, one of the most antiquated and famous resorts in New England, was destroyed by fire a few days since. It was situated about five miles north of Norwich, Conn., on the old Post Road to Hartford—the road over which Lafayette and his army passed—and at this cozy tavern he dined during the Revolutionary War. Washington and his officers, who visited the place shortly after the Revolution, ate, drank and danced there, while celebrities innumerable have sat at the little oaken tables and sipped their ale and cracked their jokes.



TEXAS.—GEN. JOHN G. WALKER, U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL
TO THE UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA.
PHOTO. BY J. B. WORTHAN.—SEE PAGE 91.

HENRY BERGH.

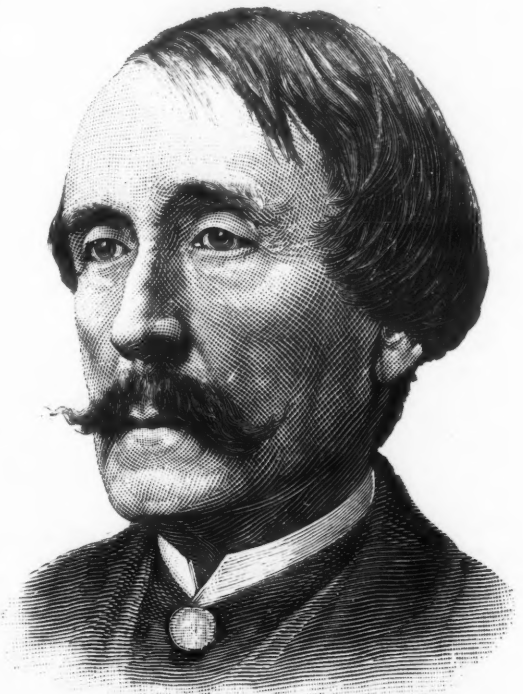
HENRY BERGH, unique among New York's celebrities—a truly chivalrous spirit, whose noble work was as practically successful as his aims once seemed quixotic and visionary—died at his home

on Fifth Avenue, on Monday morning, the 12th inst., after a long illness. Lawyer, lecturer, dramatist, poet, shipbuilder, traveler, diplomatist and founder of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he had passed through a remarkably varied, active and interesting career. He was born in this city in 1823. His father, Christian Bergh, was a wealthy man, a native of New York, and the leading shipbuilder of his time. His two sons, Edwin and Henry, became his partners, continuing the business for some time after his death. A large merchant marine was launched from their yard. Edwin Bergh died, and Henry retired from business in 1842. With ample means at his command, he gave himself up to travel, spending several years abroad. In 1861 President Lincoln appointed him Secretary of the American Legation in Russia, and soon afterwards promoted him to the Consulship at St. Petersburg, which office he held until 1864, when ill-health forced him to retire.

Turning his face homewards, Mr. Bergh tarried in England, and while there made the acquaintance of the Earl of Harrowby, President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He at once took intense interest in the work of the organization. "Here is my life's work!" he exclaimed, and he immediately projected an American Society modeled after the English one. One year after his return to New York he induced the Legislature to enact the necessary laws, and his Society was founded.

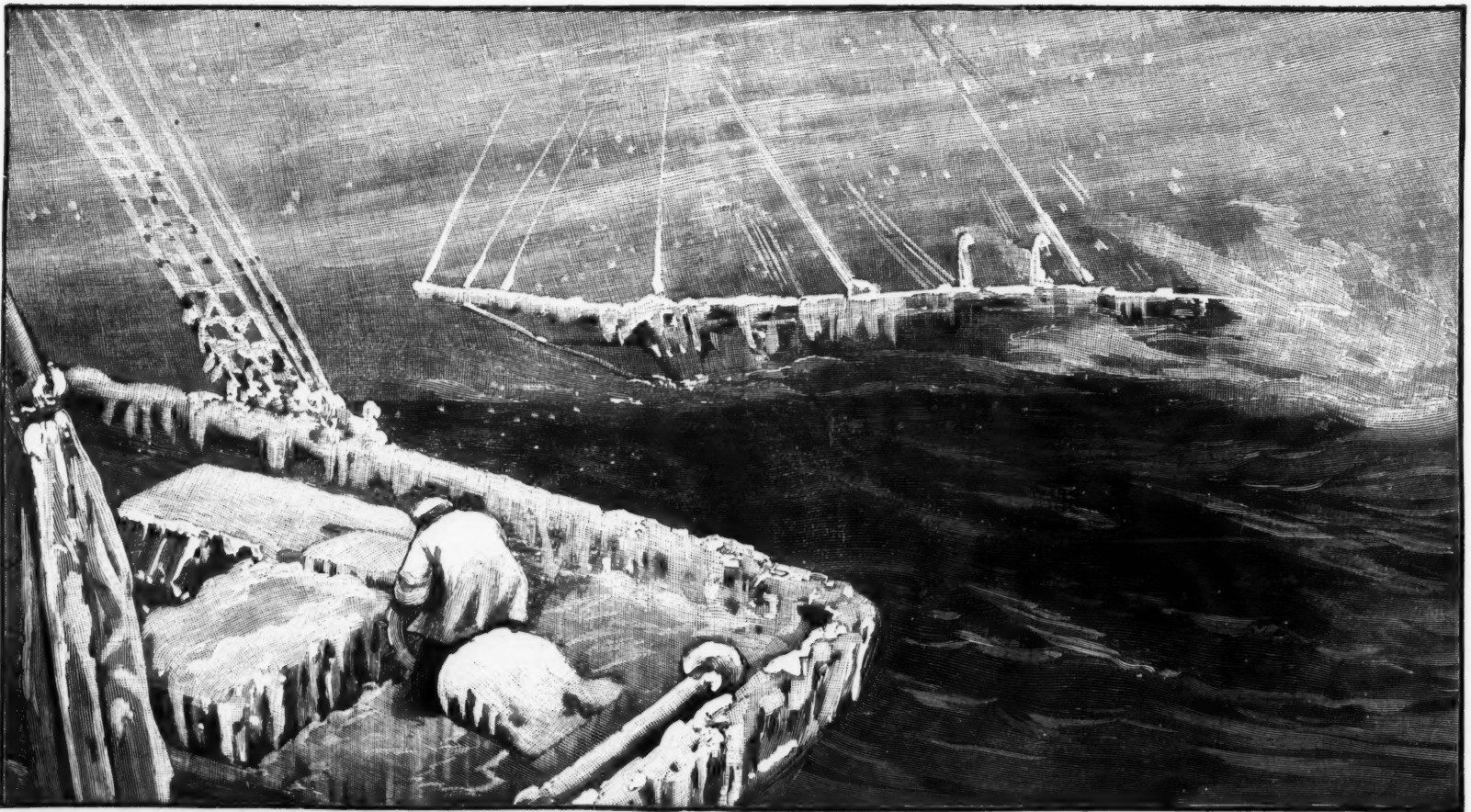
The Society was instituted in 1865. In 1866 it was given by the statute the powers of prosecution and arrest. Mr. Bergh remained its President and guiding spirit until his death, and its invaluable services are largely due to his resolution, the moral elevation of his character, his tact, unflinching courage, and unconquerable perseverance. He received no salary for his work. It was purely a labor of love, and thoughtful people appreciated it, honoring and respecting the man who could so devote his life.

The office of the Society is in a large and handsome building at Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, which Mr. Bergh erected in 1873 from a bequest of \$150,000 left to the Society by Louis Bonard, a Frenchman, who made a fortune trading with the Indians. The Society's work, in addition to its protection extended to the abused horses of the metropolis, is manifold. It has almost entirely suppressed dog-fighting and rat-baiting, and it has checked cock-fighting to such an extent that such sport is witnessed but rarely, and then in the utmost obscurity and secrecy. Mr. Bergh himself invented the "clay pigeons" now generally used at shoot-



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE HENRY BERGH.
PHOTO. BY L. ALMAN.

ing tournaments. His work as a dramatist and poet was not more successful than were Cardinal Richelieu's efforts in the same direction. He never lost his predilection for the stage, however, and was a famous "first-nighter" up to the time of his last illness.



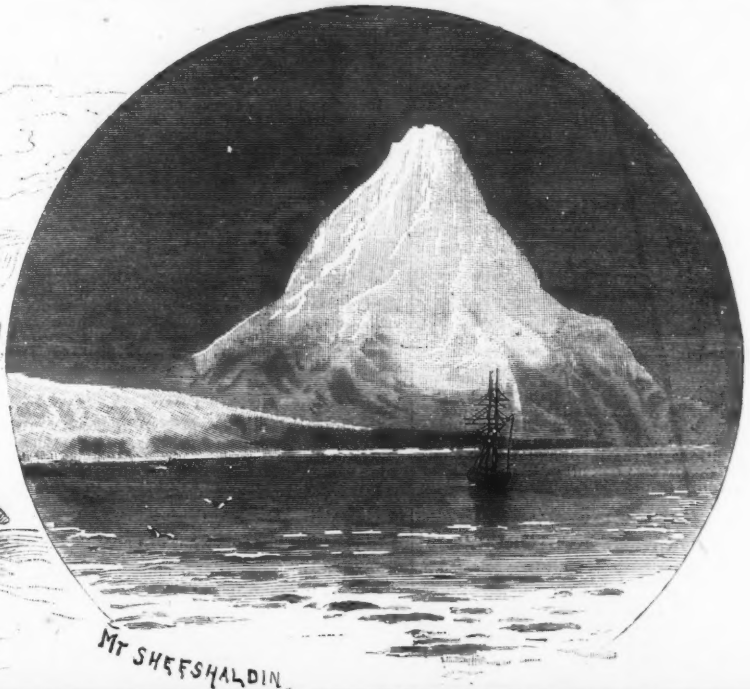
THE RECENT BLIZZARD.—SCENE AT THE DELAWARE BREAKWATER—VESSELS DRIVEN BEFORE THE STORM.



SOME OF THE HUMORS OF THE BLIZZARD IN NEW YORK CITY.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 85.



ON A TRADING EXPEDITION



MT SHEESHALDIN



OONALASHKA
AND VOLCANO OF
MACROSHIVSKIE

ST PAULS VILLAGE

1. NATIVES CREEPING IN BETWEEN A SEA-LION HERD AND THE WATER.

THE SEAL FISHERIES AND SEALING ISLANDS OF ALASKA.

FROM SKETCHES BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 91.

FUN.

"Is that really true?" Druggist—"Yes, madam, DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP is only 25c." A bribe may result in an abscess if not promptly attended to. Apply SALVATION OIL.

NEW YORK WIFE—"Why, John Henry, what is that expressman carrying a big bundle here on Sunday morning for?" *New York Husband*—"That isn't the expressman, love. It's only the carrier bringing the Sunday morning paper."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE.

The forty-second annual statement of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co., which appears in another column of this paper, indicates the faithful adherence of the Company to its traditional policy, which exemplifies the scriptural injunction to "hold fast that which is good." The old-fashioned virtues of economy and conservatism are held in high esteem by the officers of the Connecticut Mutual, and their faith has been well demonstrated by their work during the past year. The net assets of the Company now exceed fifty-five millions of dollars, and the surplus over all liabilities by the conservative four-per-cent standard of Connecticut is nearly five and a half millions. The Connecticut Mutual holds firmly its place among the substantial institutions of the land, and safely challenges comparison in any and all of the legitimate functions of a life insurance company.

"NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER."

THIRCE happy is he who can fall into sweet, refreshing sleep nearly as soon as his weary head rests upon the pillow, to slumber on till rosy morn arouses him to conscious duty, just as the sweet babe, weary from constant pattering of its little feet, has closed its silken lashes and floated to the land of dreams, while its cherub form lay cradled in its mother's arms.

Not so the tortured sufferer, languishing from exhausted nerves and feverish disease. To him the bed seems as though it were filled with nettles instead of feathers. He finds no sleep either on right side or on left; the bed is uncomfortable, the clothes too heavy, the air stifling, and the pillow too low or too high. Sleep, he declares, has gone to the dogs, and he wishes the bed had, too.

A mother in Eastland, Texas, in June, 1886, wrote of the benefits of the Compound Oxygen which she had received from Drs. Starkey and Palen:

"It is doing a great deal for me, too (in relief from kidney disease and neuralgia), though more slowly. I am able to resume my place as organist in church without being made so very nervous as I have been, and am getting some good sleep every night."

A farmer, writing from Bareville, Pennsylvania, February 1, 1886, stated his case as follows:

"Age 37. Rheumatism. A year ago pain commenced in hollow of foot; very severe in damp weather, extending to hips and shoulders and sides; so severe sometimes, was not able to turn in bed. Lost 20 pounds in weight."

March 22 he submitted the following report:

"I have been taking the Compound Oxygen for rheumatism, and I have had good, comfortable sleep for six weeks, which I had not had for six months previous to taking the Compound Oxygen. I also have a good appetite, which is worth more than I paid for the Compound Oxygen."

A lady writes from Macon, Ill., May 3, 1886:

"Please to send your treatise to address below, as I think he will get a supply as soon as he knows what it will do. I feel like a new woman now; such sweet sleep I have not had for years."

From Wilbraham, Mass., we have this report:

"My ability to sleep is quite satisfactory—i. e., it has wonderfully increased. Mother thinks she has slept better since taking Compound Oxygen than she has in the same length of time for twenty years."

For full particulars of revitalizing power of the Compound Oxygen, write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for one of their brochures, and it will be sent free, postage paid.

When Needed,

Everybody should use RIKER'S popular and reliable family medicines and toilet requisites, all of which they legally guarantee to give entire satisfaction or they return your money.

Messrs. WM. B. RIKER & SON have honestly earned and fully deserve the preference and confidence of the people over all other druggists and manufacturers of medicines. Show your appreciation of their untiring efforts of the last five years to improve the quality and reduce the price of Drugs, Medicines and Toilet Preparations by giving their preparations a trial when opportunity offers, especially when by so doing you benefit yourself, both in the quality of the article and in price.

Their goods may now be obtained of all independent and reasonable dealers, including the dry-goods houses. An illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on application to WM. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists. Established forty-two years at 353 6th Ave., New York.

IN 1850

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and from that time their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. Sold only in boxes.—[Adv.]

A LUCKY STRIKE.

As some doubts were expressed in regard to Fred Jarvis, of Empire, getting \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery drawing of January 10th, our reporter visited him last week and obtained positive evidence of the fact. Mr. Jarvis also informed him that the Louisiana State Lottery Company, immediately on the receipt of the winning coupon, together with his orders relative to the forwarding of the amount won, placed it in the hands of Wells, Fargo & Co., as directed, and no trouble whatever was experienced by him in collecting it. He further stated that he had been investing small sums in the drawings for some time past, and has always been lucky enough to draw something each time.

Here on the bay where Mr. Jarvis is well known as one of our most respected and enterprising citizens, nothing need be said in regard to him; but, as many throughout the county, and in the adjoining counties, would like to know something relative to the man who was fortunate enough to "make a killing," we give a brief outline of him since his advent on the bay. He came here from Indiana in June, 1873, and for the first three years of his residence was engaged in lumbering, logging, etc. He was married in 1875 to Miss Ida Haynes, a daughter of one of our most worthy citizens, and as further evidence of his good luck he can show a nice family of six children. After his marriage he purchased a hotel at Sumner, and was also landlord at Coos City for a time. The business did not suit him, so he sold out and commenced bidding on mail contracts. Being successful in obtaining a contract to carry the United States Mail between Empire City and Drains Station, he moved to the former place, where he has since resided. In connection with the carrying of the mail he runs a stage line, and through business ability and enterprise had already accumulated a snug sum independent of the \$15,000 by which it was lately augmented. The latter sum he intends to invest on the bay. He has already purchased some real estate; has bought another interest in a vessel, and is keeping his eye open for further investments. We hope that good luck will still continue to perch upon his banner, and that his investments will prove satisfactory in every respect.—*Marshall Field (Oregon) News*, Feb. 23d.

The Best Blood Purifier.

RIKER'S COMPOUND SARSAPARILLA. It contains no MERCURY, POTASH or ARSENIC, while its effect is quicker and far more satisfactory than any. In fact, we guarantee entire satisfaction or agree to return the money. Extra large bottles (17½ ounces), 75 cents. Two doses a day does the business. Insist on having RIKER'S SARSAPARILLA, and you are positively sure of cure. Do not allow any one to persuade you otherwise. Sold by almost all dealers. If any druggist refuses to supply you, you can be sure of getting what you ask for at the dry-goods houses and general stores, or direct from WM. B. RIKER & SON, 353 6th Ave., New York.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLESTHAMA, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

If your complaint is want of appetite, try a half wineglass of ANGSTURA BITTERS half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

TO NERVOUS MEN.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

WARRANTED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (100 pages, with full directions for home-treatment), send ten cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 603 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. *Write for your dealer, or send (in stamp) for trial can.* H. C. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters, AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS. L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

PARADISE
A NOVEL
For Sale at
BRENTANO'S
AND ALL
BOOKSELLERS.
Price, 25c.
By LLOYD S. BRYCE

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Finest Meat-flavoring Stock. USE IT FOR SOUPS, Beef Tea, Sauces and Made Dishes.

Joseph Liebig
EXTRACT OF MEAT
N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Ltd, London.

SORRENTO OWNED BY THE Frenchman's Bay Co., MT. DESERT.

The most beautiful spot on the coast of Maine, reached by trains of the Maine Central R. R. in ten hours from Boston three times a day, and by several steamboat lines. Vestibule train during the season. A fast steamer maintains constant communication with BAR HARBOR, part in the gables of that well-known resort. Fifty selected lots for sale cheap. For full information, maps, plans and photographs, apply to AUGUSTINE HEARD, Real Estate Agent, 55 Liberty Street, New York.

THERE IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO White Tar Camphorette & White Tar Paper

For the prevention of ravages by moths. White Tar Soap surpasses other Tar Soaps in effectiveness. For sale at drug and fancy goods stores, etc.

H. KOENIGSBERGER & CO., 115 W. 9th St., Agency.

GUIDE to good HEALTH

is the title of a pamphlet, the perusal of which can be warmly recommended to all invalids.

Whoever entertains any doubt as to which of the many advertised Remedies would be the most efficacious and suitable for his particular complaint, should at once procure this little work, which is based on twenty years' experience. It will be sent gratis on application to Dr. RICHTER'S Publish. Office, 310 Broadway, NEW YORK, or 1, Railway Place, Fenchurch Street, London E.C.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days, and never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. Remedy mailed free.

Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York.

DR. PIERCE'S RUPTURE
Absolutely Cured in 30 to 60 Days by Dr. Pierce's Pat. Magnetic Elastic Truss. Warranted ONLY ELECTRIC TRUSS in world. Entirely different from all others. Perfect Retainer; worn with ease and comfort night and day. Cured the famous Dr. J. J. Simms of N. Y. and hundreds others. Illustrations. MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO. 304 N. 3d St. ST. LOUIS

DARLINGTON, RUNK & CO.

ENTIRE IMPORTATION NOW OPEN FOR THE SPRING AND SUMMER.

Rich Silks, Satins and Velvets.

High-class Paris Novelties.

PLAIN AND COLORED DRESS GOODS.

In Checks, Stripes, Plaids and Fancy Effects.

English Suitings for Tailor-made Dresses.

French Sateens and Scotch Zephyrs.

Fancy Flannels for Tennis Costumes.

PARIS WRAPS, MANTLES,

JACKETS & BEADED CAPES.

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MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN WHICH the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOth AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

PRICE \$180 UNIVERSITY PIANOS
FROM \$180 TO \$1500. FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD. SOLD DIRECT TO FAMILIES, saving the enormous expenses of agents. Sent with beautiful cover, stool and book, for trial in your own home before you buy. Guaranteed six years. Send for catalogue to Marchal & Smith Piano Co., 225 E. 21st St., N. Y.

MUSIC ANY PERSON CAN PLAY the PIANO AND ORGAN without a teacher by using SOPER'S Instantaneous Guide to the keys. No previous knowledge of music whatever required. Send for book of testimonials, FREE. Address SOPER MUSIC CO., Box 1487, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LOG HOUSE Furnished for Summer on Island at MT. DESERT, Me. 11 room s, boats, tennis court, etc. AUGUSTINE HEARD, 55 Liberty St., N. Y.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. **COCOA** MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

RUPTURE Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Electric Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send Stamp for pamphlet. ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES. DR. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.

FLORIDA Descriptive & Illustrated Map of the State. Post Paid 15 Cts. FLORIDA OFFICIAL PATH-FINDER SAVANNAH GA.

500 SAMPLES, BOOKS, CIRCULARS, LETTERS AND PAPERS WE GUARANTEE FREE! You to receive from firms all over the world if you send 20 cents to have your name in American Directory. Copy sent you with name inserted. Always address American Directory Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Best Cough Cure.

For all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, no remedy is so safe, speedy, and certain as **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**. An indispensable family medicine.

"I find Ayer's Cherry Pectoral an invaluable remedy for colds, coughs, and other ailments of the throat and lungs."—M. S. Randall, 204 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for bronchitis and

Lung Diseases,

for which I believe it to be the greatest medicine in the world."—James Miller, Caraway, N. C.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this medicine."—Robert Horton, Foreman Headlight, Morrilton, Ark.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a severe cold which had settled on my lungs. My wife says the Pectoral helps her more than any other medicine she ever used."—Enos Clark, Mt. Liberty Kansas.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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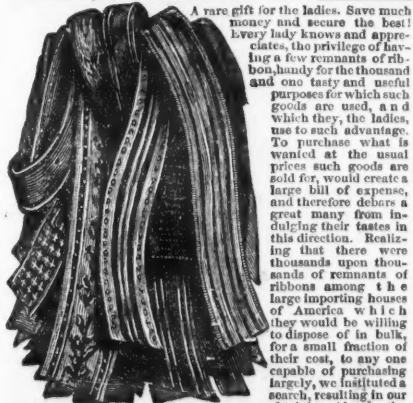
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Get on in the world; they look out for the good chances; they go in and win. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, need live people everywhere to work for them. \$1 per hour and upwards easily made; many make more than double that. Either sex, all ages. You can do the work and live at home. No special ability required; all can do it. Write and see. All will be put before you free; then if you conclude not to go to work, all right. Capital not required; Stinson & Co. start you.

TO THE LADIES.

If you use perfumery at all, it should be nice. To be scented up with poor perfumery is horrid, simply horrid. You are sure of something nice if you obtain **EUGENE RIMMEL'S EXTRACTS**. His goods are popular all over the world, and particularly with the *élite* of London and Paris. The special odors, *Ilang-Ilang*, *Sweet Violets*, *White Heliotrope*, *Henna*, *Vanda*, *Chinese Bouquet*, are just exquisite. These odors, and all the popular ones of the day of his make, are obtainable at nearly all the leading druggists. Ask for **EUGENE RIMMEL'S**.

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A rare gift for the ladies. Save much money and secure the best. Every lady knows and appreciates the privilege of having a few remnants of ribbon, handy for the thousand and one tiny and useful purposes for which such goods are used, and a lady who would be willing to purchase what is wanted at the usual prices, such goods are sold for, would create a large bill of expense, and therefore desire a great many from indulging their tastes in this direction. Realizing that there were thousands upon thousands of remnants of ribbons among the large importing houses of America, which they would be willing to dispose of in bulk, for a small fraction of their cost, to any one capable of purchasing largely, we instituted a search, resulting in our obtaining the entire stock of silk and satin ribbons of several of the largest of these houses, who imported the finest goods. These goods may be depended upon as superior to anything to be found, except in the very best stores of America. Yet they are given away free, nothing like it ever known. A grand benefit for the ladies; beautiful, elegant, choice goods, absolutely free. We have expended thousands of dollars in this direction, and can offer an immensely varied, and most complete assortment of ribbons, in every conceivable shade and width, and all of excellent quality, adapted for neck-wear, bonnet strings, hat trimmings, bows, scarfs, dress-trimmings, silk quilt work, etc., etc. Some of these remnants range three yards and upwards in length. Though remnants, all the patterns are new and late styles, and may be depended upon as beautiful, refined, fashionable and elegant. Now to get a box containing a complete assortment of these elegant ribbons free, **The Practical Housekeeper and Ladies' Fireside Companion**, published monthly by us, is acknowledged, by those competent to judge, to be the best periodical of the kind in the world. Very large and handsomely illustrated; regular price 75 cts. per year. Send 35 cents and we will send it to you for a trial year, and will also send free a box of the ribbons; 2 subscriptions and 2 boxes, 55 cts.; 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes, \$1. One-cent postage stamps may be sent for less than \$1. Get 3 friends to join you thereby getting 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes for only \$1; can do it in a few minutes. The above offer is based on this fact—those who read the periodical referred to, for one year, want it thereafter, and pay us the full price for it; it is in after years, and not now, that we make money. We make this great offer in order to at once secure 220,000 new subscribers, who, not now, but next year, and in years thereafter, shall reward us with a profit, because the majority of them will wish to renew their subscriptions, and will do so. The money required is but a small fraction of the price you would have to pay at any store for a much smaller assortment of far inferior ribbons. Best bargain ever known. You will not fully appreciate it until after you see all. Safe delivery guaranteed. Money refunded to any one not perfectly satisfied. Better cut this out, or send at once for probably it won't appear again. Address H. HALL & CO., PUBLISHERS, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

TO ALL suffering from Nervous Debility, Wasting Weakness of Body, Mind, etc., I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and strength, free of charge. A splendid medical work. Should be read by every one who is weak, nervous and debilitated. Address **Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.**

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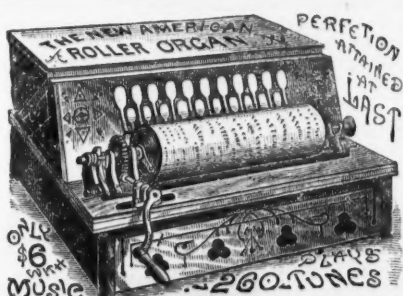
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The Largest, Handsomest and Most Complete Account Book Manufactory and Printing Establishment for Fine Commercial Work in New York City.

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That takes dry dirt and mud and clay off your shoes at the door, deposits it underneath out of sight, and doesn't befoul itself, is cleared, by a jar, of the little that clings to it—such a mat! There is one such mat! It is made of steel wire.

Steel for pillows, and bustles, and hair-puffs—why not for door-mats?

Never a door-mat half so effective even when new; or a quarter so slightly after the first day's new is off; or a tenth so cheap; or a hundredth part so easy to manage, care for, keep in order—think of keeping an old-fashioned door-mat in order! Ugh!

For dwellings, business houses, hotels and restaurants, cars—the harder the usage the more it is wanted. Prices range from \$2.50 to \$10 each.

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Coronado Beach, San Diego Co., California.

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ALL-THAT-YEAR-ROUND

SEASIDE HOTEL IN THE WORLD

IS OPEN TO RECEIVE GUESTS.

Rates by the month, \$2 per day and upwards, according to location of room.

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Transient Rates, \$3 per day and upwards, according to location of room.

Special inducements made to families and permanent guests. The Hotel is supplied with Elevators and every other modern convenience, including incandescent electric lights, etc. Every room has open grates for wood or coal, and public rooms are also supplied with steam-heaters. The Ball Room can comfortably accommodate 2,500 people. The seating capacity of Dining Room 1,000. J. B. THOMPSON, Jr., of Chicago, Manager. T. S. SEGHERS, of New York, Chief Clerk.

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IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED. RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS. THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y. CIRCULARS.

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses So common among the

Ladies of the World.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacements, also Sexual Weakness and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times, and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence **LYDIA E. PINKHAM, LYNN, MASS.**

Lydia E. Pinkham's LIVER PILLS, cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cts per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY Good News TO LADIES!

Get up Orders for our CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES, and secure a beautiful **MOSS ROSE** or **GOLD-BAND CHINA TEA-SET** (41 pieces), our own importation. One of these beautiful china tea-sets given away to the party sending an order for \$25. This is the greatest inducement ever offered. Send in your orders and enjoy a cup of **GOOD TEA** or **COFFEE**, and at the same time procure a **HANDSOME CHINA TEA-SET**. No humbug. Good Teas, 30c., 35c. and 40c. per lb. Excellent Teas, 50c. and 60c., and very best from 65c. to 90c. When ordering, be sure and mention what kind of Teas you want—whether Oolong, Mixed, Japan, Imperial, Young Hyson, Gunpowder or English Breakfast. We are the oldest and largest Tea Company in the business. The reputation of our house requires no comment. N. B.—We have just imported some very fine **WHITE GRANITE DINING SETS**, 115 pieces, which we give away with Tea and Coffee orders of \$40 and upwards. For full particulars address

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To the first person who will give us the correct solution of the above REBUS in three words, we will present an elegant **Solitaire Diamond Ring worth \$75**; to the second a **Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch** and **Queen Gold Chain worth \$50**; to the third a **Solid Gold Chain Watch** and **Queen Gold Chain worth \$35**; to each of the next ten a **Solid Silver Watch**, and to each of the next twenty-five, (if there be so many correct answers), a handsome **Silver-Nickel Watch**; all stem-winding and stem-setting and warranted. With your answer send 25c. (stamps or silver) for three months' trial subscription to the "SUNNY-SIDE," (the old favorite \$1.00 a year family monthly, established in 1867), and we will present you, absolutely free, our **Grand 25-cent Combination Package**, containing seven packs of fun-making cards and a variety of games, (Chess, Checkers, etc.), puzzles, etc., too numerous to describe, but all interesting and instructive. It is a genuine Box of Fun, delighting everybody, and has never been sold for less than 25c. This liberal offer is made to introduce our Paper into new homes and is limited to June 1st. The result of the Rebus contest will be published in the June "SUNNY-SIDE." Conn. Novelty Co., New Haven, Conn.

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FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL
STATEMENT
OF THE
Connecticut Mutual
LIFE
Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1887.....\$54,071,189.82
RECEIVED IN 1887,
For Premiums.....\$4,422,465.07
For Interest and Rents 2,958,170.10
Profit and loss.....86,727.13 7,465,362.30
\$61,536,552.12

DISBURSED IN 1887.
For claims by death
and matured en-
dowments.....\$3,060,730.09
Surplus returned to
policy-holders.....1,117,361.16
Lapsed and Surren-
dered Policies.....576,310.06

TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS \$5,414,301.31
Commissions to Agents,
Salaries, Medical Ex-
aminers' fees, Printing, Ad-
vertising, Legal, Real
Estate, and all other Ex-
penses.....688,870.07
TAXES.....304,803.19
6,407,983.57

BALANCE NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1887.....\$55,128,568.55

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.
Loans upon Real Estate, first lien.....\$32,844,664.04
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds.....393,993.00
Premium Notes on policies in force.....2,102,949.15
Cost of Real Estate owned by Comp'y 9,790,114.65
Cost of United States and other Bonds 8,790,822.50
Cost of Bank and Railroad Stocks.....400,851.00
Cash in Banks.....788,856.67
Balance due from Agents.....10,377.45
\$55,128,568.55

ADD
Interest due and accrued...\$1,025,110.14
Rents accrued.....10,970.43
Market value of stocks and
bonds over cost.....391,276.06
Net deferred premiums.....87,578.20
\$1,514,920.83

GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1887, \$56,643,498.38

LIABILITIES:
Amount required to re-in-
sure all outstanding
Policies, net, assuming 4
per cent. interest.....\$50,862,653.00
Additional reserve by
Company's Standard, 3
per cent. on Policies is-
sued since April 1, 1882.....260,602.00
All other liabilities.....794,414.77
\$51,417,759.77

SURPLUS by Company's Standard.....\$5,225,738.61
SURPLUS by Conn. Standard 4 per cent.. 5,486,430.61

Ratio of expenses of management to
receipts in 1887.....9.23 per cent.
Policies in force Dec. 31, 1887, 63,483,
insuring.....\$150,992,498.00

JACOB L. GREENE, President.
JOHN M. TAYLOR, Vice-President.
WILLIAM G. ABBOT, Secretary.
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Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted absolutely pure
Cocoa, from which the excess of
Oil has been removed. It has three
times the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more economi-
cal, costing less than one cent a
cup. It is delicious, nourishing,
strengthening, easily digested, and
admirably adapted for invalids as
well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

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for catalogue, press, type, cards,
etc., to factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

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A MILLION BOXES A YEAR.

Brandreth's Pills purify the Blood, stimulate the Liver, strengthen the Kidneys, regulate the Bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1835. Since that time over fifty millions of boxes of Brandreth's Pills have been consumed.

This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value.

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.



BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Spring No. 2.

EMPHATICALLY A STOMACH WATER.

DR. WM. A. HAMMOND, of New York, Surgeon-General of U. S. Army (Retired),
Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc.

"I often prescribe Buffalo Lithia Water in those cases of Cerebral Hyperæmia resulting from over-mental work—in which the condition called Nervous Dyspepsia exists—and generally with marked benefit."

DR. WM. B. TOWLES, Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia.

"In Dyspepsia, especially that form of it in which there is excess of acid in the process of nutrition, I have found Buffalo Lithia Water highly beneficial."

DR. HENRY C. HOUGHTON, Aural Surgeon in the New York Ophthalmic Hospital for Eye and Ear, cor. Third Ave. and 23d St.

"From a personal test of the Buffalo Lithia Springs Water, No. 2, I am prepared to commend it as a most valuable remedial agent in Dyspepsia, especially that form of it which causes functional disturbances of the heart, the symptom being as serious an element of the suffering as the burning, the Acid Eructation, etc., the strictly Gastric symptoms—Cardiac and Gastric troubles."

DR. HARVEY L. BYRD, of Baltimore, President and Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children in the Baltimore Medical College, formerly Professor of Practical Medicine, etc.

"Buffalo Lithia Water is an admirable general Tonic and Restorative, increasing the Appetite, promoting Digestion, and invigorating the General Health. It is powerfully Anti-acid, and especially efficacious in what is commonly known as Acid Dyspepsia."

DR. J. S. WELLFORD, Professor of Diseases of Women and Children, Medical College of Virginia.

"In Gouty Dyspepsia I know of no mineral water which I consider at all equal to Buffalo Lithia Water."

The Late DR. THOMAS P. ATKINSON, of Virginia, Ex-President Medical Society of Virginia.

"Buffalo Lithia Water is a Stomachic Tonic; it possesses in a remarkable degree the power of allaying Nausea, is an efficient preventive of fermentative changes in the food in the process of digestion, and in many Disorders of the Stomach, especially where fermentation is a prominent symptom, its action is astonishingly happy. I have known persons who had been confined for years to a diet of bread and milk, crackers and tea, etc., after a few months' use of this Water, able to eat, with impunity, bacon, cabbage, turnips, and other similar articles."

REV. ABRAHAM JAEGER, D.D., Professor in Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

"After having suffered for years from a most distressing form of DYSPEPSIA, I became subject to severe attacks of RHEUMATISM. My stomach was in a highly irritable condition, rejecting everything, medicines, food and drink—common drinking water could not be retained in the smallest quantity. In this condition I was put upon the Buffalo Lithia Water, No. 2, which acted like magic, promptly allaying the distressing Nausea, and restoring perfect digestion. My RHEUMATISM was indirectly much benefited. I found the water an admirable TONIC and INVIGORATOR."

DR. DAVID G. SMITH, Oakley, Mecklenburg County, Virginia.

"My daughter suffered from Acid Dyspepsia complicated with Chronic Diarrhoea. The most approved treatment of the profession was unavailing, and her general health was entirely prostrated. I carried her to the Buffalo Lithia Springs upon a bed, confined strictly to a diet of crackers and tea, alternated with bread and milk. She used the Water for thirty days, at the expiration of which time she could eat without the slightest inconvenience any article of food, and left the Springs with her general health restored."

Water in Cases of One Dozen Half-Gallon Bottles, \$5 per Case at the Springs.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor,
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia.

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BICYCLES
TRICYCLES
TANDEMS
DURABLE
SIMPLE
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PLAID AND STRIPE BENGALINES.
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RAWSON'S (Self-Adjusting) U. S. ARMY
SUSPENSORY BANDAGE.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed—Support, Relief, Comfort.
AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTABLE.
DISPLACEMENT IMPOSSIBLE.
Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular Mailed Free.
Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail safely.
S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

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WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

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Has prospered where concerns with Cheaper Rates have all died, because it could be relied on to

PAY ITS CLAIMS IN FULL,
and they could not.

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RIKER'S
EXPECTORANT

One Bottle of which is Warranted to Cure any Ordinary Cough or Cold, or your Money is Returned.

A Pleasant, Swift and Sure Cure for Coughs and Colds.

If taken as soon as you feel that irritation or dryness of the throat occasioned by a cold, FOUR to SIX DOSES WILL CURE.

It won't cure a horrible sore throat in one night, nor, in fact, will it cure anything in that space of time. It takes at least a day or so to cure a cold, but

"IT GETS THERE ALL THE SAME."

It STOPS your COUGH almost at once, but should you stop taking it after two or three doses, probably your cough would return. One thing you can always be sure of—LONG before you have emptied the bottle you will be "all O. K."

As a trial of this TRULY WONDERFUL medicine COSTS NOTHING, and as 95 cases out of every 100 WILL BE CURED, it is worth your while to AT LEAST MAKE THE TRIAL.

Price per bottle containing a half-pint (enough to cure eight people if taken in time).

60 CENTS.

INSIST ON HAVING
RIKER'S EXPECTORANT
And You are Positively Sure of Cure.

Do not allow any one to persuade you otherwise. Sold by almost all dealers throughout the United States, or will be sent free of charge to any part of the United States on receipt of price by

WM. B. RIKER & SON

DRUGGISTS AND MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS,
ESTABLISHED 1846, AT 333 6TH AVE., N.Y.
LABORATORIES, 585 WASHINGTON ST., AND 55,
57 AND 59 CLARKSON ST., N.Y.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE AND PRICE-LIST MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.
SEE THAT OUR TRADE-MARK IS ON ALL GOODS PURPORTING TO BE RIKER'S.

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